

THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. LITTELL in 1844

NO. 3990

DECEMBER 25, 1920

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

JAPAN AND THE VANDERLIP CONCESSION

THE report that William Vanderlip has obtained an extensive concession in Northeastern Siberia from the Bolshevik government naturally excites the Japanese press. The Tokyo *Mainichi* characterizes the report as 'a veritable thunderbolt from the blue,' but assumes that the American government will regard the contract invalid inasmuch as it has not yet recognized the Soviet government. *Miyako* comments: 'If the Soviet government is to be recognized, Japan has had many opportunities to conclude profitable treaties, but as she respects reason and justice, she has refrained from any action like that of a man who commits thefts during the commotion of a fire.' *Yamato* considers the concession a device of Lenin's government to bring pressure on Japan 'with a view either to compelling her to approach Russia or to causing Japan and America to quarrel with each other.' The same paper observes that, inasmuch as the territory included in the alleged concession is separated from Alaska only by a narrow channel, the establishment of an American 'economic and political sphere of influence from the Kamchatka promontory to the Southwest,'

would create a situation which it would be impossible for the Japanese to overlook. *Yomiuri* uses the report of the concession to attack the government's whole Siberian policy, stating that it must be 'startling to the unresourceful and incompetent authorities of this country and to the people who connived at their unresourcefulness and incompetence.' Discussing the economic aspects of the concession, this important daily observes:

One report says that the lease covers coal and oil as well as fishery concessions, but according to another report, these are excluded. Even assuming that coal and oil concessions are excluded, it is clear that the principal object of the syndicate is to exploit gold mines in Kamchatka and on its northeastern promontory. It is general knowledge that the eastern end of Kamchatka, close to the Bering Straits, is rich in gold mines, and it is also an open secret that some Americans have continued to this day to exploit the mines secretly. The fishery concessions along the coast of Northeastern Siberia are the vested rights of Americans under old treaties and by custom. Whether coal and oil concessions are covered or not, the mere fact that old customs and poaching have been converted into treaty rights is a great success for the Americans.

Some may deliberately belittle the importance of the report on the ground of the announcement of the United States State Department that no contracts with the Soviet government will take effect until it is recognized by the American government. But the only thing which the Japanese government is doing in Siberia is to conduct

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military operations which are merely repetitions of blunders, while Japanese business men are only eager to obtain immediate profits by taking advantage of the opportunity afforded by the military operations. When compared with the Japanese policy, it will be seen that the conclusion of a lease by the American syndicate is a great success in regard to the future policy toward Siberia. When Great Britain opens trade with Russia under Soviet rule, and when the Soviet government is recognized by two or three of the Allied countries, it is obvious that the American government will have no hesitation in recognizing the contract of the syndicate.

A NEW GERMAN COAL PROPOSAL

DURING the recent debates in the joint session of the committees of the German Economic Council and Coal Council upon nationalizing the coal industry, Hugo Stinnes, perhaps the wealthiest and most prominent industrialist in the country, advocated organizing industrial coal consumers into district unions of which there should be three kinds: One consisting of small companies, one of larger companies, and great works—like steel trusts, for instance, which should be permitted to operate independently. These associations should acquire title to coal mines within their districts sufficient to provide for their own wants and for a surplus presumably no smaller than at present to sell to general consumers. They should be authorized to appropriate for their own use 90 per cent of their production in excess of the present output; the remaining 10 per cent of this excess to be allotted to the general market. The prime object, of course, is to increase production. Critics of the proposal believe that it would lead to keen competition between the different associations for coal properties and that it affords no protection against excessive prices.

Mr. Stinnes' plea contained the following interesting paragraph:

In no circumstances must the importance of individuals be underestimated. In any economic

system the impulse forward is always started by a few individuals. If you eliminate these, if you wish to eliminate me, in a very short time, I shall no longer be of any value; if you wish to transfer me to some other *milieu* I can achieve nothing more. I would rather work for nothing as a private individual than work as an employee for a number of persons who do not understand the matter. If we want to start a large new enterprise, we put two preliminary questions: Where is the man for the job? and, where are the efficient workers? If they cannot be found we leave the thing alone. There must be this coöperation in the future as well. You must give to the manufacturer what is his business, namely, the management, and you must see to it that the workers make as much profit as possible out of the enterprise. I consider that we have failed in another direction: we must see to it that the clever workers are brought up and trained so that eventually they can rise to higher positions. Centralization does not lead to the goal: it is only a system of decentralization which in the end will have the same results in the coal industry as in agriculture. Formerly, everyone was quite indifferent as to whether farming was intensive or extensive. Now everyone, however ignorant of agriculture, talks of intensive and extensive farming, and yet may not perhaps be able to tell the difference between rye and wheat. People who have not the least capacity of forming a judgment talk of the nationalization of mining as the only rightful course.

It seems to me that we must associate in as large districts as possible our consumers who use coal in the shape of electricity, gas or water. The associations would be true nationalization, administered on the basis of mixed management, and I would give them the right of employing 90 per cent of their increased output for their own purposes, and the remainder for the benefit of the community. In this way you would combine all the consumers using coal who, when they had assumed financial responsibility, would be in a position to find the necessary funds.

REVIEW OF RECENT ELECTIONS

VENIZELOS' overwhelming defeat in the recent Greek elections—followed by the plebiscite in favor of Constantine—adds another to the list of war administrations turned out by the vote of the people. This result was not entirely unexpected, at least by continental newspapers. While the Greek people may have been at heart

pro-Ally, they resented the way in which their country was brought into the war. The recent military adventures of the government in Asiatic Turkey have been burdensome, and apparently not altogether as successful as optimistic press reports might lead the casual reader to infer. The treasury is in a bad condition, and heavy financial burdens face the government for many years to come. Twelve months ago, the drachma was at parity with the dollar. It has now fallen well toward 50 per cent below par. While the extensive additions to Greek territory were gratifying, and the union of so large a fraction of the Greek speaking race under a single flag responded to a long cherished aspiration, old party organizations looked forward with concern to the prospect of being overwhelmed by the flood of half-alien voters in distant and newly acquired provinces. Moreover, the Venizelos cabinet had employed the dictatorial methods of a war government; in particular, its wholesale and arbitrary arrests after the attempt to assassinate Venizelos in Paris last August embittered not only the followers of the former king, but also liberal elements which might, under different conditions, have been its supporters. The plebiscite in favor of Constantine's return is also an expression of the resentment felt by the smaller nations at the assumption of authority over them by the great powers.

We have already referred to the autumn elections in Austria where the Christian Socialists won a victory due chiefly to the support of the country voters. Vienna remains a Social Democrat stronghold, and that party lost but three seats in the metropolis. The Communists polled only 20,000 votes and did not win a single seat in Parliament. The latter body consists of 75 Christian Socialists in place of 64 in

the preceding Chamber, and of 62 Social Democrats as compared with 69 in the old House.

In Italy, the recent provincial and municipal elections were favorable to the Liberal *bloc*, a coalition of the anti-Socialist parties somewhat similar to the one which gained the last Parliamentary elections in France. The Liberals were successful at Rome, Genoa, Florence, Parma, Palermo, Naples, and Venice, while the Socialists won at Milan, Bologna, Ferrara, and several other points. The Clerical People's Party, which is strongest in the country districts, took third place in the larger cities. At Turin, the Liberals won but by only a few hundred votes. The majorities were not large in any instance. At the last Parliamentary election, the Liberals came out very badly, and these victories are, therefore, interpreted as indicating a shift in political sentiment.

Local elections in Germany also indicate a drift to the right. In the recent voting for members of the Saxon Parliament, the two Conservative parties increased their combined delegation from 17 to 38, while the representation of the four Socialist parties declined from 57 to 46.

In Great Britain, the candidates of the Labor party suffered a defeat at the recent municipal elections as remarkable as was their unexpected victory in the elections a year ago. The change of sentiment in this instance is ascribed partly to a revolt of the rate-payers against the recent increase in taxes.

CHICHERIN ON ARMENIA

THE head of the Moscow Foreign Office has addressed a telegram to the British Armenia Committee in reply to their representations which, according to a translation printed in the *Manchester Guardian*, professes the utmost

good will and friendly anxiety for peaceful relations between Armenia and its neighbors, and urges that a mixed committee including Russian representatives fix the frontiers of that country. He charges the Dashnaks — described as a group of Armenian chauvinists — with preventing a peaceful solution of the country's question, adding this suggestive comment:

The whole policy of the Allies in Armenia has as its aim the turning of the country into a military base against Soviet Russia. Latterly the Allies have been supplying the Dashnaks with large quantities of ammunition, and have been egging on the Dashnak government to follow a hostile policy toward Soviet Russia and Soviet Azerbaijan. This policy of the Allies in Armenia forms the greatest obstacle to the realization of the peaceful aims of the Soviet government. Only when the Dashnak government adopts a more pacific attitude with regard to its neighbors, and when serious guaranties are forthcoming that Armenia is no longer being converted into a military base for the Allies, will the favorable solution of the question of frontiers between Armenia and its neighbors become actually possible.

AMERICA BUYING UP EUROPE

SISLEY HUDDLESTON writing in the *British Review of Reviews* under the title, 'America Buying up Europe,' says that France is deceiving herself if she imagines that America's predominant purpose in Europe is not commercial. America's relations 'are based above all on the possibility of making good deals.' The trend of politics since the armistice has been away from altruism toward blatant egoism. 'There might have been at one moment a generous cancellation of debts. America was truly capable of such an act. But that day is gone.' He points out that France is now paying altogether nearly 10 per cent for its loans from American bankers. He refers to the fact that 'nearly every leading American financier has paid a visit to Europe,' adding:

America, of course, is not alone in this struggle for financial domination. England controls, for example, 60 per cent of the iron works in Upper

Silesia — hence the conflict of interests now that the plebiscite, which is to decide whether Upper Silesia is to go to Germany or to Poland, is about to be taken. France has been particularly busy in Middle Europe. In Czecho-Slovakia the Skoda works have passed under her control. In Upper Silesia she has the workshops of Kattowitz, in Poland the Huta Bankowa, in Roumania wagon and locomotive factories, in Yugoslavia an important part of the river system and ports, in Hungary the state railroads, the Credit Bank, and the port. This is of course not an exhaustive account — it is intended to be the merest hint of the rôle of high finance in the post-war Europe. England and France are competitors with America and have beaten her at many points. But American finance is very strong. The American dollar is indeed almighty. American bankers may have been cautious about European speculations, but they are not going to let the chances of buying up lots of Europe go by.

Mr. Huddleston then refers to the Franco-American Standard Oil Company recently described in *THE LIVING AGE*, and observes that, until recently, 'French and British policy in respect to oil marched together.' He thinks that now, however, France is transferring her allegiance to America and he looks forward to a conflict which may imperil international friendships between the Standard Oil Company and the Royal Dutch Company, 'two Gargantuan rivals who are arming themselves for the fray.'

MINOR NOTES FROM JAPAN

ALTHOUGH the adoption of the California Land Law by popular vote is naturally deplored in the Japanese press, most papers in that country seem to extract some comfort from Senator Phelan's defeat and to welcome the Republican victory. *Kokumin* observes: 'Let us congratulate Senator Harding on his success with all our heart. . . . The predecessors of Mr. Harding, the late Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, understood Japan well and were specially well disposed toward us. We believe that the traditional policy of the Republicans toward Japan will

be revived by Senator Harding.' *Yorodzu* observes: 'It is demonstrated that the majority of the Americans do not welcome eccentric policies of the Wilson brand nor hypocritical foreign policies. On this point, Japan has reason to welcome the election of Mr. Harding.' *Chuo*, while considering that a change of party in America will produce no change in the relations of that country with Japan, surmises that the Republicans, being unwilling to follow in the footsteps of the present Democratic administration, 'as a reaction, may adopt an unexpectedly moderate policy.' *Asahi* thinks that Senator Harding will be in a better position to check anti-Japanese agitation in the United States than his Democratic opponent would have been, observing, however: 'It remains to be seen whether the Harding administration will really make sufficient efforts for the promotion of Japanese-American friendship.' In a word, the newspapers of our Far Eastern neighbor seem inclined to regard any change at Washington as unlikely to make relations between their country and America worse than at present, and as affording promise of their possible improvement.

JAPAN has recently taken a census, the preliminary returns from which indicate that the Empire has greatly overestimated the number of its citizens. This is due to a faulty method of enumeration in the past. Hitherto, population statistics have been gathered by the local registration offices, and this resulted in the same name appearing at several different places, as a person might have registered for residence in two or three towns or wards within a comparatively short period. Instead of a population of about seventy million, which some anticipated, the final figures promise to be in the neighborhood of fifty-eight million.

THE following item from the *Japan Advertiser* reveals one of the interesting peculiarities of national ideas and customs which continue to lend variety and interest to a world civilization which has not yet become hopelessly standardized:

Burying 'themselves' to escape death and then being born again by the simple process of changing their names, Baron and Baroness Ban held full funeral services for themselves at the Gyorinsai Temple in Nagoya recently, erecting a fully-engraved tombstone over their nails, teeth, and hair. The Baron, who is chief of the Imperial Poetry Bureau, now calls himself Mr. Kogakure-no Oton.

When Baron Ban was 'first' born, he was far from healthy, and forty years was predicted as the extreme limit of his life. However, he recently celebrated his sixty-sixth birthday, which brought to his mind that his father had died at that age and that he could probably best avoid his fate of an early death by bowing to that fate and officially 'burying' as much of himself as possible without interfering with any of the vital processes.

UPPER SILESIA IN ITALIAN EYES

A CORRESPONDENT of Milan *Secolo* writing from Upper Silesia in October, presents a lively, if somewhat partial, picture of the work of the International Allied Commission. It will be recalled that German sovereignty has ceased pending a vote by the inhabitants upon their future political allegiance. The country is governed by a commission in which France holds chief place and Italy and England participate. France and Italy alone have sent troops. For a period at least, the French made so little secret of their sympathy with the Poles that the Germans, who at best hate their recent victors intensely, were embittered almost beyond control. On the other hand, the Italians, who strove to maintain an impartial and judicial attitude, were by contrast rated friendly to the Germans. A little later, when the French began to boast that their General Weygand had saved

Warsaw from the Bolsheviks, the sensitive Poles took great offense, and the relations of the two were considerably cooled, although this did not improve things with the Germans. Meantime, the English have carefully kept in the background, and appear to have evaded the charge of impartiality more successfully than either their French or their Italian associates.

ORGANIZED CRIME IN HUNGARY

WITHIN the past few weeks, outrages in Budapest against people suspected of Radical or Liberal sympathies have revived. The government seems to have taken the situation vigorously in hand, however, and recently a body of troops under two generals and with an ambulance corps lay regular siege to Hotel Britannia, which had become the headquarters of a corps of reactionary adventurers, described in the despatches as 'uniformed rowdies.'

These people were able to continue their criminal career because of the widespread sympathy and protection they received from the population. Early on the morning of November eleventh, the police made a general raid on hotels and lodging houses, gathering in other criminals. It is stated that one semi-political gang had stolen more than half a million crowns' worth of automobile parts within a few months. From 100 to 120 men clad as officers made their headquarters regularly at the Britannia Hotel, sallying forth to seize people on the streets, and taking them to a room in the basement, where they were often tortured. A similar, but independent group was rounded up at another point. Apparently the Hungarian government is dealing with organized gangs of urban bandits, who are using a military disguise and political pretexts to cover up their criminal operations.

[*Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal Republican Daily), November 15]

WELCOME TO THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

BY PRESIDENT MOTTA

[The following address was delivered by President Motta of Switzerland in welcoming the Assembly of the League of Nations to Geneva on November 15, 1920.]

IN the name of the Swiss people and the Swiss government, I, as president of the Confederation, welcome this eminent assembly, which convenes for the first time in the capital of the League of Nations. I shall not attempt to conceal the emotion which masters me in this historical moment, when I endeavor to measure in my

thoughts the unprecedented significance and possibilities of what is now occurring on the soil of my own Fatherland. It is a great distinction which has been conferred upon my country, and I feel almost overwhelmed by the honor which has befallen me, in virtue of my office, of being first to welcome you in its name.

My first duty on this great occasion is to express to the assembly our profound gratitude that Geneva has been chosen as the official home of the International Society which it is calling into life. We were fully aware that the choice lay undecided between Brussels and Geneva. If the selection had been determined exclusively by the glory of Belgium's recent history and late sacrifices, that noble nation's precedence could not have been denied. Belgium's coat-of-arms reflects the radiance of its moral greatness. In the same way that the heroic character of King Albert I will remain one of the most unsullied and purest in history, so will the fame of the Belgian people go down to posterity ennobled by their suffering. I fulfill a personally grateful as well as a solemn duty when, as the supreme magistrate of a government which remained neutral throughout the war, I declare that Belgium's loyalty to its international obligations, which it sealed with its own blood, will remain imprinted on the memory of men as long as the conception of right and justice endures.

I also wish to express the thanks of Switzerland to the Council of the League of Nations, whose distinguished members I have the honor to welcome. By its declaration at London on February 13, 1920, that Council made it possible for Switzerland to become a member of the League. The century-old neutrality of our Confederation was thus confirmed and made part of the permanent law of nations. For four centuries, Swiss policy has been guided by the ideal of neutrality. When the World War broke out in 1914, Switzerland did not hesitate. By remaining neutral my country believed it was complying with its international obligations and fulfilling its mission as a promoter of peace. A fortunate chain of circum-

stances which, in view of the smallness of the country and its location in the very center of the world's battlefield, borders on the miraculous, enabled us to preserve our neutrality to the end. Had the Swiss people been asked to surrender the armed neutrality which we justly consider our protection to-day as much as in the past, in order to join the League of Nations, we should have faced a painful choice between betraying our traditions and our historical mission or permanent exclusion from the new world order. The Council of the League undoubtedly consulted the wishes and the sympathies of our fellow nations in sparing Switzerland this painful choice. I trust that eminent body will appreciate the gratitude which we feel for this act.

Furthermore, I beg you, ladies and gentlemen, to send a cordial message of thanks and greeting to President Wilson, who, as an act of spontaneous friendliness, has convened the first assembly of the League of Nations at its official home. With this message, I would couple an expression of the hope — or more than that, of the fervent wish — that the United States of America may not postpone longer taking its appropriate place in the League of Nations. A country blessed as is America by the bounty of nature, a glorious democracy which has also become a mighty melting pot of peoples, which it is fusing into a community of one language and one mind, a nation which is inspired by the highest idealism and stands in the forefront of material progress, a government which, through the weight of its wealth and its armies, decided the destiny of our hemisphere, a land which was the home of that hero of liberty, George Washington, and of that martyr to the brotherhood of man, Abraham Lincoln — that country, I say, cannot really close its heart

to the call of its brother nations, which, retaining full possession of their independence and sovereignty, are uniting for common service in the cause of peace and the welfare of humanity.

Unmeasurable, indeed, is the task which faces mankind in these hours of recovery from slaughter and ruin. We scan the pages of history in vain for a greater tragedy than that which we have experienced or witnessed. Even so tremendous an event as the slow decline of the Roman Empire seems but a shadow compared with the happenings of to-day. Never before have valor, self-sacrifice, patriotism, and military genius risen to equal heights. Heroism has exceeded every bound hitherto set by the human imagination and the records of history. In this sense, the war did, indeed, reveal the true greatness of man as both the master and the victim of nature. Never in previous history was the onslaught of armies so frightful. Never before in the records of the world were blood and tears shed so prodigally. Never before was the work of destruction pursued so ruthlessly and pitilessly. To be sure, the war was not solely a destroying agency. It helped people to achieve national unity, rectified old injustice, and broke many fetters. But was war the only way in which we might attain these ends? And are the good fruits we reap from the war adequate compensation for the ruin it wrought? There were certainly moments when every one of us asked himself whether the highest fruits of civilization — the sentiments of love, virtue and pity, the sense of justice, the consciousness of human brotherhood, and the inspiration of the finer arts — might not utterly disappear in the maelstrom of destruction.

It was in this mood of the world mind that the ideal of a League of Nations seized with a force unknown

before the hearts of all men who felt for their fellow men and whose unclouded spirit pierced the haze of prevailing passion. Experience had taught us that of all tragedies which can befall the race, war is the greatest — both for the victors and for the vanquished. Already there looms in the far horizon the shadow of coming conflicts, more deadly and more tragic even than the one from which we are emerging. We must, at any cost, make war impossible, or at least endeavor to minimize its horrors. That task naturally constitutes the first duty of a League of Nations.

With respect and gratitude I do reverence to those benefactors of mankind, the philosophers and statesmen, the humanitarian idealists, the noble men and women who have championed the cause of a League of Nations in Church, in Parliament, in peace societies, and in international congresses; who have resolutely and persistently labored to transfer their vision from the realm of dreams to the realm of reality. I do reverence also to the uncounted multitude of mourning women whose eyes have been opened by the greatness of their sacrifice, whose resolve has been strengthened by consciousness of their newly won civic rights and duties; who, stretching their arms over the graves of the fallen, appeal to us for an era in which right shall be master over might. The hour which witnesses the coming of the League of Nations marks the beginning of an era which will permanently modify our forms of government. The obvious defects and inevitable inadequacies of the first League of Nations Covenant do not belittle this great truth. The work of the sower is never wholly unproductive. Even if the present structure were doomed to fall — forgive me if I suggest even this apparently impossible hypothesis —

its foundations would remain and bid us build anew upon them.

Spiritual forces moved powerfully the millions of soldiers of every country who participated in the war. They sacrificed themselves on the altar of loyalty to their Fatherland; but in a larger sense, their sacrifice was to all humanity. Before their eyes hovered the vision of a great human family, from whose circle force and violence should be banished and among whose members unquestioned justice should rule. In the moment when that mysterious appeal from the realm of higher inspiration reached their ear, loyalty to their Fatherland was identified in their hearts with loyalty to mankind. I salute you, heroes of every nation, some crowned with glory, others unrecorded in the written scrolls of history — you, whom broad comprehension of your duty or instinctive intuition of right compelled; you, heroes, whose mortal remains lie under triumphal arches, in cathedrals, or in humbler graves in your own or foreign lands — I greet you all alike, with equal and unbounded tenderness, with an emotion which I do not attempt to master; for you are the divine seed of the harvest of the future — you are the heralds of a new era!

Already it would seem an amazing thing to us did the League not exist. Yet it is folly to expect miracles. The individual is ever impatient, because his own days are but fleeting; but communities change solely because the period of their years is not numbered. Without the League of Nations, the treaties upon which peace has been based could not be applied. The powers of compulsion which the League possesses may be of doubtful value for many years to come; but already the League has the powerful moral backing of the conscience of the world. It may not be able invariably

to avoid the use of arms, but it will enforce its authority mainly by higher means. If the first League of Nations assembly shall have created before it adjourns a permanent international court, it will have taken a long step forward toward the peaceful solution of controversies between governments.

The broader we make the basis of the League of Nations, the surer the guaranties we shall erect for its authority, its impartiality, and its conciliatory influence. The victors cannot long dispense with the coöperation of the vanquished. It is a necessary condition for the existence of any league that all peoples shall march under its banner. Hatred is the mortal sin and curse of human society. Nations are never truly great unless they are great in forgiveness and in mercy. I should be false to my duty as spokesman of the Swiss people did I lack courage solemnly to affirm this truth to your assembly. Solidarity — moral, economic, financial — has survived even our era of destruction; it outlives the anger of nations, no matter how justified that anger may be. This first assembly will be called upon to consider the admission of new members, and will have the opportunity and the task of paving the way to make the League of Nations the world-embracing union which its ideal demands and which is imperative if it is to attain its object of assuring peace and eventual reconciliation. The day will come — I perceive it already in my own vision — when Russia, lifted from its present prostration of chaos and misery, will seek through the League of Nations the order, security, and aid necessary for its recovery.

The League of Nations is not a league of governments. It is, as its name says, a union of peoples. For this reason, questions of disarmament, commerce, communications, hygiene,

international finance, and above all, of labor, come prominently within its sphere of action. It is inconceivable that the nations of the world will henceforth tolerate the oppressive weight of their former military burdens. To do this would be to forget the lessons of the war. Governments will cease to erect high tariff walls against each other. All will have free access to the sea. Lands which produce raw materials, especially metals and fuel, will not try henceforth to monopolize their wealth. The financial conference at Brussels has made wise recommendations for restoring the vigor of our economic life. However, the gap between theory and practice is not so easily closed. Labor conditions are invariably governed by the laws of production, but they must also protect the worker's dignity as a man, and guarantee his sacred right to personal and domestic happiness.

Even a superficial observer must recognize that profound changes are occurring in the stratification of society. The fraternity of the trenches not only softened the bitter intellectual intolerance which formerly characterized the attitude of social classes toward each other, but it broke down the walls of petty pride between them; so that a new spirit pervades their relations in field and factory. In a halting and blundering way as yet, a new, enlarged democracy is taking over the reins of government. Political freedom is no longer merely an individual aspiration. It is a powerful motive in practical life, by which men are seeking to equalize the inequalities in their condition; although we realize that permanent and absolute equality is an ideal which — to our own salvation — we shall never attain. Democracy appeals to us as the best protection against violence, disorder, and the dictatorship of minorities. But it

cannot perform its great tasks of educating and of governing peacefully the peoples of the world unless it guarantees to every individual unhampered opportunity to achieve his highest aims. In this quality, I might also say in this intellectual relationship, democratic institutions and the League of Nations are akin.

However, we must not permit democracy to sink into the apathy of smug unvocal self-content. That kind of peace and order would be deceptive. That quiet would be the quiet of paralysis. Democracies are at their best when they are somewhat turbulent; for their very movements show that they are alive and acting. If they, for the moment, regard this new international order which we are establishing with some distrust, that but justifies our resting the greater hopes upon them. A century ago, the Holy Alliance hoped to check the progress of democracy; the League of Nations exists only by virtue of democracy. The oldest democracy in the world, the only democracy which insisted that its membership in the League of Nations should be decided by the direct vote of its citizens, extends through me its greetings to all other democracies, great and small, with a deep sense of our fraternity and our common mission.

I hope, ladies and gentlemen, that your stay in Geneva will be pleasant. Switzerland is a plain, simple country and will ever be so. Geneva cannot display to you at this season all its natural beauties. By virtue of its history and its character, it is the city of Switzerland most sensitive to world movements of the intellect, and most deeply interested in every phase of international coöperation. Therefore, Geneva was selected as the cradle of the Red Cross. The General Secretariat of the League of Nations will feel itself at home in this city. It will

find the sentiment of the citizens in full sympathy with its labors.

Permit me to express the wish that the deliberations of the Assembly may be ever governed by an effort at mutual understanding, and a spirit of friendly conciliation. The eyes of the world are upon you. I know you will not disappoint the hope which illumines their gaze. Permit me to conclude with the formula which we have inherited from our remote ancestors, and which closes every official communication between the Federal Parliament and the Swiss Cantons: 'We recommend you, loyal and beloved confederates, as well as ourselves, to the protection of God.' (*Wir empfehlen*

Euch, getreue, liebe Eidgenossen, mit uns dem Machtschutz Gottes.)

The League of Nations will survive because it is a union based upon love and solidarity. Before this assembly of elected representatives of different civilizations, races, and tongues, in the presence of distinguished men who have come together from every quarter of the earth, of followers of every philosophy, and of the faithful of every religion, I commend the fortunes of the League of Nations to the protection of him whom Dante, in the glorious concluding verse of his divine poem, designates as the Love which moves the sun and the other planets: '*L'amor che muove il sole e l'altre stelle.*'

[*Berliner Tageblatt* (Anglophile Radical Liberal Daily), October 29, November 11]

ON THE ADRIATIC

BY THEODOR BERKES

[The author is a veteran German correspondent who has made a specialty of Balkan questions.]

WHEN the well-to-do citizens of Sarajevo seek relief from the summer's heat they journey south until they reach the cool mountain resort, Ivan, lying some three thousand feet above the sea and surrounded by higher country attaining an extreme altitude of six thousand feet or more. As we approach this point the locomotive puffs and pants in spite of the helper attached to the rear of our train. We wind up daring curves, through precipitous country and frequent tunnels, from Bosnia into Herzegovina. Our eyes are greeted by a weird landscape

which seems to consist of nothing but stone. The bright green of the valleys and forests of Bosnia disappears, to be replaced by the cool white majesty of the Carso, a zone of limestone mountains jostling each other in a close succession of domes and pyramids. Then half a mile of darkness through the Ivan tunnel, and we have crossed the watershed between the Adriatic and the Black Sea, and are descending into the ancestral land of the South Slav. The train speeds past precipices, down the narrow canyon of the Marenta. Peasants are tilling their fields with

wooden plows; narrow bright green strips of wheat and millet appear here and there. It is a sterile country, peopled by a frugal and hardy race.

After we leave Mostar, the capital of the province and in ancient times a Roman camp, nature becomes more generous. The mild winds of the Adriatic creep past the thirteen fortresses of the dusty town; and in the valley of the Marenta, which has suddenly expanded from a narrow torrent to a broad yellow river, fig trees bloom and tobacco thrives. The train plunges deeper into the limestone canyon, past grotesque rock formations and through frequent tunnels, until finally, as the last rays of the setting sun are touching with red the now distant cliffs of the Carso, we find ourselves descending into the roomy darkness of the winding Ombla Valley. The next morning the traveler awakes under a mild sunny sky, and can stroll among cypresses, olive trees, and pines, where prickly pears thrust their spiny branches from every crack and crevice of the venerable walls. The waves of the blue Adriatic ripple at the feet of ancient Venetian Ragusa, and all that remains of our wild journey through the majestic rocky solitude of Herzegovina, is a sense of liberation and a shrinking, timid memory.

Ragusa's citizens are people of the world; whose history has made them an active, widely-traveled race. The city was founded by the Greeks and in Roman times was capital of Lower Ilyria. Later it was plundered and destroyed by the Avars. However, it was rebuilt and remained a republic until the thirteenth century, under the protection in turn of Byzantium, Venice, the Huns, the Turks, and last of all, the Hapsburgs. The South Slavs of Dalmatia differ markedly from the South Slavs of the Balkans. Although the citizens of Ragusa have dealt in

their history with nearly every civilized nation of the modern world, they do not accommodate themselves to the rule of their latest oppressors. In my conversations with common people and political leaders, the first topic brought up was always the conduct of the French. These occupied Dalmatia late in the war, immediately after the people rose against the Hapsburgs, and they treated it like enemy country. The hatred of France is shared by Spalato, Sebenico, Ragusa, and Cattaro. The people here, like those of the interior, are seeking new friends. This revulsion of sentiment explains why a man can now speak German safely anywhere, though very recently a person who ventured to use our language was likely to be mobbed and killed.

Dalmatia's bitter indignation is quite natural. At the end of two years of so-called peace, most of its territories are still uncertain as to their ultimate political destiny. A visitor speedily learns to appreciate the manifold inconveniences of this status. Police agents are on the watch everywhere to spy into the political sentiments of a stranger. It is difficult to obtain permission to visit any of these Adriatic ports. Naturally, these restrictions have destroyed the tourist business from which the people formerly reaped a harvest, and have paralyzed the trade which was the life of the country. Consequently discontent is universal, and it is expressed without reserve. The six hundred thousand South Slavs of Dalmatia are not only bitter against the fifteen thousand Italian residents of that country, but also against the government at Belgrade, believing that the apathy and incapacity of the latter is to blame for the long postponement of a settlement.

The Italians have occupied all the

coast of North Dalmatia, as far inland as Knin, so as to keep under close military surveillance the important port of Spalato, and to strangle its commerce. The coast between Spalato and Slano is in charge of an international commission represented by an American Admiral. The only part of Dalmatia which is really free from foreign supervision is the zone from Slano to the southern boundary.

The Italians utterly disregard the Treaty of London, when it conflicts in any way with their determination to be the unqualified masters of the entire Adriatic coast, and eventually to use it as a foothold to extend their sway across the mountains into the Balkans. They have seized the outlying islands and thus made the harbor of Spalato untenable for the South Slavs. With the single exception of Brazza, every island south of Spalato is their possession. Reports from the territories they now occupy indicate that the Italian authorities are taking prompt measures to establish their title, by setting up a permanent Italian administration. For instance, they are levying taxes, and are taking particularly stern measures against the South Slav Socialists. Inasmuch as Italy and Dalmatia export the same products, particularly oil and wine, the people fear that they will be so discriminated against that their industries will be ruined.

Furthermore, Dalmatia's prosperity depends upon uninterrupted intercourse with the Yugoslavs, and its economic future is conditioned by political union with their government. But what is more at stake than this is that trade between Eastern and Western Europe meets at this point. The broken Eastern Adriatic coast with its countless harbors and promise of a great commercial future is ardently coveted by the Italians, whose own coast possesses none of these advan-

tages. They know instinctively that a vigorous, ambitious, military government will grow up behind the East Adriatic littoral and are cautiously alert to anticipate what is already commonly called 'the Slavic danger.'

On market days at Cattaro several hundred black-garbed, bare-footed Montenegrin women descend from their mountain homes to the harbor. They are accompanied by little donkeys laden with the scanty products of their sterile farms, or carry their burdens on their heads. Occasionally their load is merely a bundle of fagots, which they hope to sell for a few pennies in ready money. This procession of Montenegrin women is symbolical of the poverty which characterizes the land of precipices and canyons behind this coast. Their black garments resemble a flag of mourning hung out by Montenegro. They visualize what the Balkan Wars and the World War meant to that country, which sent whole battalions forth to slaughter from a single mountain village. There are such villages or groups of villages where every adult woman is a widow. It is a procession of widows which descends each week from Montenegro to Cattaro.

A road rises from the deep fjord-like Gulf of Cattaro, following the edge of the precipice to a height of nearly six thousand feet. Thirty spirals rise one above the other in the abrupt ascent. When a motor-bus carrying ten travelers and their luggage toils laboriously up this precarious highway ladder, the heart of the most callous Montenegrin mountaineer beats a bit faster at the perilous turns. Long telltale scars on the mountain sides remind one of frequent landslides, and the fragments of many wrecked and burned autos are visible on the declivities below. During the late campaign twenty-two Austrian military machines plunged into the depth from this road; and since

the war similar tragedies have occurred with gruesome regularity. None the less, it is a magnificent trip, and no man's experience of Nature's beauty is complete until he has viewed from these lofty heights the blue brilliancy and sinuous broken shore of Cattaro Gulf, half veiled in its cobwebby mists, and has surveyed from them the blue infinity of the Adriatic, glowing in the setting sun like mirrored northern lights. We reach an elevation where the mountains below us look like mole-hills, and imposing ranges are leveled by the distance to the uniformity of an undulating plain.

Crossing the summit of Mount Lion the road descends slightly to Niegush, where King Nikita was born in a little farmhouse which the Austrians restored during their occupation. From this point to Cetinje is still a long journey, over a road which scales new heights and presents new perils. The latter town is a surprise. It lies sprawling along a broad basin in the hills like a pleasant market town; and the wide plains about it look like a well-tilled garden. Everywhere is evidence of industry and order, and justice compels one to recognize that Nikita's desire to produce a favorable impression upon foreign visitors was successfully realized. The road, winding like a wide ribbon through the landscape, is in excellent condition. The town itself is tidy and homelike. There is a general appearance of comfort, to which the cosy little manor houses, occupied formerly by members of the diplomatic corps, give a touch of elegance.

The modern stone government building, where Nikita's Cabinet formerly had its offices, is guarded by a cordon of Serb soldiers. Montenegrin men and women stand in groups or lie upon the ground outside; and even a stranger is aware of something sullen in the atmosphere. Within, in the

great hall adorned with pictures of the heroes of Montenegrin history, court is in session. One hundred and sixty-three Montenegrin men and youths are on trial. The reading of the charges against them unrolls before our eyes a picture of bloody days. Immediately after the armistice the Montenegrin Parliament voted unanimously to unite with Yugoslavia, and not to permit King Nikita to return. Thereupon Serb officials came into the land and began to misconduct themselves. The outcome was that old adherents of Nikita, and other discontented elements, took to the woods, and started a guerrilla war against the Serbian troops. Regular battles ensued and the rebels were soon hard pressed. However, a general amnesty was proclaimed for all who would surrender and deliver up their weapons. Part of the men now on trial did this; whereupon they were thrown into subterranean dungeons and placed on bread and water. Rendered desperate by this treatment they attacked their guards. A warden was killed, several of the soldiers were wounded, and some thirty mutineers shot. Seventy escaped. Now those who were captured are on trial for high treason, mutiny, and robbery.

So the old feeling of the Montenegrins, that they are of the same flesh and blood as the Serbs, has been weakened. Indeed the relations between Montenegrins and Serbs are badly strained, and further trouble between them is probable. There are now enough supporters of Nikita and other disaffected elements, who have taken to the forests, to start a general uprising. Reënforced by Montenegrin refugees in Italy, in Scutari, and elsewhere in Albania, they could start a serious campaign to liberate Montenegro and restore the old king. Nor is it unlikely that these forces might re-

ceive money and arms from Italy. On the other hand, it is only fair to say that the Serbs now see clearly that they must change their policy, and that a majority of the Montenegrins are by no means in favor of rebelling in order to destroy the union of Montenegro and Yugoslavia ratified two years ago. They feel that they and the Serbs are of common ancestry — that the pure Serb stock has sprung from their own mountains. In particular the younger Montenegrins strongly favor the union of all South Slav peoples. Nikita, now living on the Riviera, is seventy-six years old. His reign was one of great achievement for his country, and he was an important man in his day. Indeed, it was at one time a serious question whether his family or that of the present Serbian ruling house, should be placed on the throne of the enlarged kingdom. But Nikita's conduct during the war, and in particular the still unexplained surrender of Mount Lion to the Austrian troops, destroyed his prestige even in his own country. Consequently, only a few of his special favorites and former partisans still seriously desire his restoration. Montenegrin dissatisfaction with the Serbs is not so much against the nation, as against the particular administration now in power. Rising prices also promote popular discontent. However, the Serbs are sending swine, cattle, breeding-stallions, and agricultural machinery into Montenegro. They have already expended one hundred million dinars in this way. This liberal policy and their present conciliatory treatment toward the people will presumably allay most of the present discontent. All idea of restoring the old king will then vanish completely; especially as it is realized that he managed in the course of a long reign to extract several millions out of his impoverished people for his private purse.

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In the beautiful building of the former Austrian Embassy the Division Staff of the Yugoslav army has its quarters. The commanding General was poring over his maps when I was ushered in, and showed me where the frontier with Albania runs. 'Three times already,' the General said, 'the Albanians, helped by Italian money and arms, have taken the offensive against us. We drove them back in each instance, and have now occupied positions far enough in advance to protect ourselves hereafter. My troops are at Saint Nicholas on the Adriatic Coast, and along the Bojama River. We hold the bridge leading into Scutari.' Echoes of this fighting reach Cetinje, and when a Montenegrin becomes pensive he climbs a mountain and looks southward, where the sun shines red upon the waters of Scutari Lake. For the hopes of Montenegro still centre on Scutari, a port whose possession would mean wealth to their poor country; and in this the hearts of Montenegrins and Serbs beat in unison.

[*Le Peuple* (Belgian Official Socialist Daily), November 1]

THE COST OF LIVING IN EASTERN EUROPE

BY GEORGES PAQUOT

I HAVE improved the opportunity while traveling through the Balkans to make note of the cost of food and other necessities of life. Let us assume that the traveler carries with him French money, because it is familiar abroad and easily exchanged, and because the franc had about the same value before the war as the monetary units commonly employed in these countries. Let us assume further that he buys local money, at its depreciative value compared with the franc; wher-

ever he goes, and then starts out to make his purchases with this local currency.

He will find the cost of clothing, textiles, shoes, and hats about the same wherever he journeys. The prices will be about one fifth more than in Belgium. This uniformity is explained by the fact that clothing and drygoods are imported from Western Europe and the United States and their cost is practically uniform throughout the world.

But let us take Agram, now called Zagreb, a town of 80,000 to 100,000 inhabitants, and the capital of the former Austrian and present Yugoslav province of Croatia. Our French franc will buy at the money changers eight Yugoslav crowns. Provided with these crowns, we sally forth to do our marketing. What do we get?

Our eight crowns, or one franc, will buy us four kilos, or more than eight English pounds of potatoes, or four fresh eggs, or nearly a quarter of a pound of excellent domestic lard, or a quarter of a pound of fresh ham, or four and one half pounds of the very best grade of prunes. A plump fowl costs five francs, a fine turkey or goose costs about six francs. People like highly-spiced foods here and pepper is abundant. The best paprika costs about nine francs a pound, gray pepper 15 francs. Fine white bread sells for 14 crowns a kilo or about 1.75 francs. Ground coffee is advertised by the grocers at 3.25 francs a liter.

Now suppose we journey deeper into the country, three hundred miles or more down into ancient Serbia. We are close to the frontier of Bulgaria at Negotin, a little town of 6000 people in a country far less fertile than Croatia. Although we are still in the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, the monetary unit is the dinar, which is worth four Croat

crowns, and therefore is equivalent to about half a French franc. For two dinars or one franc, we get five or six fresh eggs, or three English pounds of potatoes, or eight pounds of fresh tomatoes, or eight pounds of onions, or nearly an English pound of second-grade beef, or two liters of milk, or a quarter of a pound of butter. Bread costs from one and one half francs to two francs for a kilo loaf. Coffee is 12 francs a kilo, sugar nine francs. The white cheese of the country is four francs a kilo or about two francs an English pound. Suet costs six francs a kilo and river fish five francs. A kilo of carrots or dry beans cost half a franc. You can buy a magnificent head of white cabbage for three quarters of a franc. A pair of fat pullets sells for from five to seven francs.

Returning toward Belgrade, let us stop at the village of Gladovo near the Iron Gates of the Danube. Here we can buy from six to eight fresh eggs for a franc, or four pounds of potatoes, or eight pounds of onions. Petroleum costs three francs a liter.

At Belgrade, itself, we can buy in the public market about two and one quarter pounds of the best quality pork, veal, or beef for from six to seven francs. Fresh eggs here are five for a franc. A kilo of beautiful and delicious white or black grapes costs from three quarters of a franc to a franc. Peaches are half a franc a kilo. A guest can procure a fairly comfortable room at the hotel, allowing for the standards of the country, for between 20 to 25 francs a day. Of course, this does not include meals.

Passing on to Roumania, we arrive at Bucharest, the capital, a city of half a million people. Here we convert some of our francs into *lei*. The latter coin is worth about 30 centimes at present exchange; so we get 10 *lei* for three francs. Here prices are

higher. The best meat in the market costs at least two francs an English pound. A kilo of coffee costs from 11 to 12 francs and a kilo of sugar from nine to ten francs. We pay only 36 centimes, however, for a liter of petroleum. Two kinds of bread are sold: a grayish quality at 45 centimes a kilo (or less than five cents in American currency for a pound loaf), and white bread for 1.05 francs a kilo. We must bear in mind that Roumania is a great grain and petroleum producing country. In the market stalls, dealers sell wheat from their open bags at 45 centimes a kilo, Indian corn at 35 to 40 centimes, millet at 45 centimes, and oats at 35 to 40 centimes. Plums cost 1.25 francs a kilo and the finest grapes 2.70 francs. Beautiful onions are abundant at 45 centimes a kilo, potatoes at 30 centimes, tomatoes at 85 centimes, string beans at 1.50 francs, and dry beans at 60 centimes. A fine cabbage brings 75 to 90 centimes. Considerable game is offered at 7.50 francs a kilo, while a pair of small chickens brings nine to twelve francs. Suet and lard are nine francs a kilo.

Coming to Constantinople, prices, when converted into francs, rise to fabulous heights. Milk, or rather a liquid sacrilegiously christened with this name, costs 3.60 francs a liter. Certified milk for infants is nine francs a liter. Second quality meat is more than 10 francs a kilo. A better quality sells for 12 francs. A capon costs 18 francs, and a frying chicken 12 francs. Sugar is 6.50 francs a kilo, coffee 10 to 12 francs, and potatoes from 1.50 to four francs.

Fruits and fresh vegetables are exceedingly expensive because they are abnormally scarce at present. Constantinople ordinarily depends for such supplies on Anatolia; but just now Mustapha Kemal has raised the standard of revolt over all that part of

Asia Minor, and has embargoed the shipment of food to the capital. This leader controls likewise the exportation of wheat and coal from Turkish Black Sea ports, permitting none to leave the country until his own needs are supplied, or unless he is in urgent need of funds. The country immediately around Constantinople is very unproductive, the Turks having permitted it to become exhausted, arid, and sterile during their long rule.

Most of the coal received at Constantinople comes from the Port of Heracleum, 125 miles east of the Bosphorus on the south coast of the Black Sea. A French company has operated mines in that vicinity for 50 years. Ships taking coal at this port pay a duty to Mustapha Kemal; for when that gentleman needs money, he is a very satisfactory man to deal with, and readily issues export permits for coal going to Constantinople—a city of peculiar status, peopled partly by his friends and partly by his enemies. English coal costs 500 francs a ton delivered at Constantinople. Heracleum coal is not of as good quality and costs 350 francs.

Greek troops now occupy the districts farther South, but finding it costly and difficult to feed their forces with provisions brought from Europe, they are trying to live upon the country. The result is that very little reaches Constantinople from the Greek zone. Mustapha Kemal is therefore able, whenever his humor so dictates, to create a near famine in Constantinople. At such times, potatoes rise to four francs a kilo. Butter is brought from a greater distance, and wholesales at an average of 30 francs a kilo, retailing some seven or eight francs above that sum. Mutton tallow costs 18 or 19 francs a kilo, and olive oil, at wholesale, nine to ten francs a liter. Packed eggs retail at 75 centimes each

and a kilo of Holland cheese costs 22 francs.

Although Constantinople is so close a neighbor to Roumania, its petroleum comes from the Caucasus and the United States. This is because there is at present no way of transporting the oil from the nearer producing region. It sells at two and one half francs a liter.

A sack of American flour costs 200 francs. Canadian flour sells a little below this, and native flour still lower. These are wholesale prices; consequently it is not surprising that bakers charge some three francs a kilo for ordinary bread.

An interesting feature of commerce out here is the small trading boats, which barter produce and merchandise at all the little ports along the coast—a custom that must date back to the Venetians and even to the Phœnicians. Leaving Constantinople, these sailing vessels of 50 tons or so—sometimes provided with an auxiliary motor—make Heracleum, Sinope, Trebizond, Batum, Poti, and all the smaller harbor towns of Anatolia and Georgia, trading garments, sugar, cutlery, and other manufactures for wheat, rice, cheese, eggs, and petroleum. They are exposed to pirate attacks on the high seas, just as they were in 'the good old times.'

There are also other traders who make their headquarters at Constantinople, and show little scruple as to how they enlarge their fortunes. They create an artificial scarcity by withdrawing supplies from the market, in order to boost prices for their private profit. A rich merchant of Yalta, in Crimea, who exported a large consignment of wine in casks to Constantinople, was boycotted by the wholesalers. He was not even able to rent a warehouse to store his goods, and had to leave them in the open.

He could not get bottles to retail his wine directly to consumers, and finally was forced to sell the cargo for a ridiculously low price. Another foreigner, who imported a cargo of potatoes from Southern Italy, had the same experience. A few big commission merchants and importers control trade and tolerate no outside competition.

[*Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (Berlin Semi-Official Industrialist Daily), November 11]

BOLSHEVISM IN SPAIN

BY A. DEL CASTILLO

ONE of the most remarkable and interesting social changes of recent years is the revolution of sentiment among the working classes in Spanish manufacturing and mining districts. Before the war these people supported the Republican party. Some were Socialists, but of the most moderate and democratic type. To-day the situation has completely changed. The Republican party has lost its influence. The Socialist party has grown rapidly, and a new Bolshevik party, known as the 'Syndicalists' has become very powerful.

This is due to the contagion of revolutionary ideas, the triumph of the Russian Revolution, and propaganda by Russians and other foreign agitators. The new party uses force to gain adherents, but does so secretly. Workers have to enroll in the Syndicalist party and pay weekly dues to its campaign chest, under threat of death if they fail to obey.

Barcelona is the headquarters of the Syndicalists, from which centre that organization spreads throughout Spain. The party has a secretary in every establishment where workers are employed. The organization is so secret, that the rank and file do not know who their own officers are.

A campaign of terror has ensued. The number of employers or other opponents of the Syndicalists who are its victims constantly increases. Figures tell more than words. Some four hundred employers have been assassinated within a year. More than this, with a few rare exceptions, the murderers remain undetected.

The same cause explains the incessant local strikes, which occasionally develop into larger conflicts. Troops must be employed to suppress them. Martial law has been declared; civil liberties have ceased. The police arrest and imprison any man having a Syndicalist card upon his person. The army is helping directly to run the railways, the gas works, and the water works. Every effort is being made to force the old employees back, but they obstinately refuse. For a time men were arrested *en masse*; the prisons were over-crowded. Even the bull rings were used to confine the workers. Eventually, however, they had to be released. It cost too much to feed them.

Not only the police and the army, but also the better class of citizens, are taking active part in this struggle. The latter have armed and are drilling in military formations. These civic guards, like the police and the army, have unlimited authority to use arms, to arrest suspected persons, to search houses, and to inflict summary punishment. Even the rector of the University of Barcelona, a worthy old gentleman with a venerable beard, who, under ordinary conditions, would not harm a fly, has armed himself to the teeth and taken command of a company of young men, who, elegantly dressed and with brand new rifles, have placed themselves at the service of 'the cause.'

As a result of these struggles, wages are constantly rising. Workers ap-

parently earn more in Barcelona than in any other place in Europe. An ordinary mechanic receives sixty pesetas a day. Naturally the cost of living is soaring skyward.

Class hatred expresses itself in constant assaults by either party. Members of the civic guards are constantly found murdered, struck down by little dart-like poisoned missiles, which the assassins project by means of a rubber sling. At other times, slain workers are found lying in the streets.

When a strike is concluded, the Syndicate apparently breaks up. In fact, however, it lives on precisely as before. The Syndicalists send no delegates to Parliament, although they undoubtedly could elect members if they wished to. They know that, powerful as is their following, they would be helpless in a legislative body. Although Moscow orders them to vote, they refuse to do so.

On the other hand, the regular Socialists have taken an active part in the present campaign. They are just as loyal to the Moscow International as the Syndicalists, although they have made stipulations which somewhat qualify their relations with that body.

Bolshevism is also spreading rapidly among rural laborers and miners. Both still occupy a sort of mediaeval status in Spain. Great estates, sometimes including whole towns, belong to a single owner. The proprietors reside for the most part in Madrid. Sometimes their possessions include countrysides embracing several villages, from which they are in the habit of drawing revenues like the old-time feudal lords. The people on these estates are absolutely dependent upon their masters. So Bolshevism spreads like wildfire, particularly in Andalusia, where the peasantry have resorted to violence and are burning crops.

The hatred which exists between the Spanish Bolsheviks and their opponents is of unexampled bitterness. They are clinched in a death struggle where neither shows mercy. One of my friends who, in view of the approaching dangers, tried to sell his factory and give up business, was threatened with death by his employees if he ventured to do so. They told him outright: 'You must stay here regardless of consequences, so that we can take over your works when the time is ripe'; and he had to stay.

In Andalusia the workers on a large estate revolted. When the landlord, who happened to be there, stepped out on the balcony of his home to address the mob, and asked: 'What do you want? Have I not granted you everything you asked?' the crowd answered: 'That's not the point. We insist that you work the way we do. Hereafter we want you to plow alongside of us. We want you to feel the heat and cold out in the fields the way we do. We want you to earn your living by the sweat of your brow, the way we do.'

This is the situation here. If the police were dependable and well-disciplined, and if the middle classes understood how to help themselves, this campaign of hatred which is ruining Spain might be avoided. As it is, a day of final settlement is coming, and there is no doubt whatever but that it will be a bloody one.

[*Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative Daily British Occupied Territory), November 5]

PRESIDENTS AND STEERS

BY L. NIESSEN-DEITERS

EVERY September Buenos Aires is a rallying point for all the breeders and ranchmen of this great country. At that time the Agricultural Society

throws open its imposing group of great buildings for its annual fair, the International Cattle Exhibition. A visitor will possibly find here more high-bred cattle, horses, sheep, swine, and fowl, than in any other similar show the whole world over. Another thing, it is probable that nowhere else are higher prices paid for eminent members of the animal aristocracy than in this country of intensive breeding. Here money ceases to be a consideration when it comes to quality in a breeding animal. To illustrate, a prominent racing man here, Mr. Unzueta, recently paid for the blooded stallion Tracery the tidy sum of fifty-three thousand pounds sterling. This valuable animal made his journey hither in a luxurious private cabin, accompanied by a numerous suite of hostlers and attendants. No other passenger arriving on the *Varsena Norte* was welcomed with such honor, and his picture occupied the first page in the newspapers. Of course such prices are exceptional, even in Argentina.

When the gates of this annual fair open, and the flags of every nation are unfurled over its grounds, the regular and special prizes have already been awarded by a number of expert juries. Keen rivalries have been settled for the moment, and bright blue, white, violet, rose, green, and yellow ribbons in various combinations indicate the winners. These little strips of silk and satin do more than flatter some ambitious winner's personal vanity. They serve to classify his stock, and mean thousands of dollars in reputation for his ranch.

After the prizes have been awarded, a second phase of the exhibit begins with its official opening by the President of the Republic. That formal ceremony starts, like all great events in Buenos Aires, with an immense concourse of automobiles, packing the

streets for a great distance from the gates. Presidents are not so precise in matters of courtesy as crowned heads. The Chief Magistrate does not arrive until a considerable time after the appointed hour. That does not disturb the public as much as it probably does the real honor guests on the occasion — the blooded stock. The former entertains itself listening to the bands, studying the toilettes of the ladies, and in self-contemplation. But this period of waiting is no joke for the four-legged part of the audience. Inside of the great main buildings is a broad exhibition ring surrounded by five roomy platforms. A throng of men occupy these tribunes, and some two hundred steers of high degree are assembled in the arena. The former are there to see; the latter to be seen. The animals are paraded in a long file, wearing their prize ribbons, and are slowly led around the ring in front of each of the tribunes. Since fat stock for slaughter is what the Argentine grazier mainly seeks, and since the prize winners are the most eminent representatives of these heavy breeds, most of the animals in the parade are living monuments of flesh. But they are also finely bred beasts and their feet and hoofs bear no proportion to the immense weight of their bodies, and support the latter with difficulty. During most of the exhibition they lie comfortably upon the clean straw in their stalls; and they obviously are now so discomforted by the long waiting and the ensuing parade, that only the energetic efforts of their keepers keep them from lying down before the ceremony begins.

At last there is a flare of military music. Then the President appears in a democratic frock coat, accompanied by a handful of gentlemen, and received by the applause of the public. It is friendly applause but

might be stronger. Probably after their long wait the people are less inclined to recognize how much they and their country are obligated to the man whose unshakable resolution kept them out of war, and saved them from its losses and suffering, from high taxes, burdensome alliances, and dubious debtors. One must at least acknowledge that President Irigoyen showed the world that when he chose a course he knew how to stick to it. The little group of gentlemen crosses the arena and ascends the central tribune. It might seem rather risky to Europeans for these gentlemen to walk directly through a herd of several hundred steers, excited by their unusual surroundings and the music of so many bands. But what Shakespeare makes Caesar say about fat men, applies to animals as well. These weighty beasts are as amiable as they are indolent. They pay as little attention to the crowd and to the music as they do to the head of the government. Only the winner of the grand prize, with his boasted Durham blood, shakes his head ponderously at the grand stand as the President appears, as if to say: 'Who is the real star, you or I? What did you keep me waiting for?' But his patience has not yet been tested to the end. Presidents, like kings, are always received with addresses. First the head of the Agricultural Society makes a speech; then the Minister of Agriculture talks. The President remains silent. I fancy the fat animals below thank God for that. And now the formal ceremonies are over. The real show begins.

The great column of steers begins to move. The gigantic winner of the grand prize is in the van. Slowly they circle the arena. Beef cattle form the first section. Ponderous Shorthorns, white-headed brown Herefords, hornless Aberdeen-Anguses whose satiny

black coats make them look as if they were in mourning, red-polled Anguses, Lincolnshire red Shorthorns. Dairy breeds are relatively less represented. Flemish, Jersey, Norman, Freiburg, and black and white Frisian cattle pass us, looking as if they had just arrived from Holstein and Holland meadows. The procession winds up by a solitary little Kerry steer, looking by contrast with the great leader of the procession like a young terrier following a massive Saint Bernard. The steers receive stormy applause — far more enthusiastic than was accorded the President, and I commented to myself that the mighty Durham was probably right in his questioning and reproving glance at the grand stand.

As the great, ponderous animals swing heavily out of the arena a second gate is opened. Stamping and snorting, a band of spirited horses sweeps into the enclosure. First come the heavy draft breeds, Percherons, Boulonnais, Suffolk, Clydesdale, Shires. Like the steers they are splendidly groomed. Their coats and hoofs shine like silk; their manes and tails have been plaited with flowers and bright ribbons in honor of the occasion. Some of these powerful animals are wonderfully attractive even from the æsthetic point of view. I note particularly a pair of Percherons, dazzling white, and others iron-gray, with wonderfully molded heads and graceful necks and harmonious proportions. These animals exhibit their different paces and are then drawn up in ranks. But the spirited stallions react to the sound of music very differently from the fat larder-fillers which preceded them. They toss their heads, and a sudden crash from the band instantaneously throws the well ordered ranks into confusion. The heavy animals rear and plunge. Some start off in a gallop dragging their attendants after them, affording a thou-

sand suggestive poses for a sculptor.

Then follow other classes of stock in order. The entrance gate again opens and the noblest and most graceful of the animals we see to-day are before us, blooded Arabs, Anglo Arabs, and English thoroughbreds. After the horses have been exhibited the official part of the ceremony is over. Those who wish to inspect the sheep, swine, and fowl must hunt them up in their respective buildings. During the course of the exhibition there are regular displays of fancy riding and of native racing.

Last of all comes the most important event of the week for the breeders and management — the selling and auctioning of the animals that have been exhibited. The papers report with conscientious accuracy the price for which each animal is sold, and the name of the purchaser; and these prices are not mere bagatelles: \$1000 for a Plymouth Rock hen, \$6,000 for a sheep, or \$11,000 for a Percheron horse, are rather imposing figures. But the greatest interest is displayed when the steers are sold, and this reaches the climax when the prize winner, the great Durham, comes under the hammer. That is the real event.

Already the winner of the Hereford class, which is second only to the Durham, has sold for 90,000 pesos. When the day comes for selling the Durham himself, the newspapers announce that, on account of the immense pressure to get tickets to the auction, the Directors of the Fair have raised the price of admission by five dollars. More than an hour before the ceremony starts an army of automobiles blockades the road before the main entrance. Mounted policemen are everywhere to keep traffic moving. Five thousand people have taken their seats in the auction room almost before one can turn around, and uncounted others are unable to get admission.

The President of the Republic appears with some of his Cabinet. Their arrival is hardly noticed. Every eye is turned to the gate under the auctioneer's balcony where the pride of the land is to appear. This time he makes the President wait. Suddenly there is a thunder of applause. With his halter decorated with prize ribbons, the mighty mountain of flesh lurches slowly forward into the little place kept free for him in the midst of the throng. He licks his nose-ring half irritatedly, half good-naturedly, and surveys the encircling crowd.

Now the auctioneer has his turn. He recounts the glorious family history of the hero. He takes his time; that merely increases the tense excitement. I know of nothing comparable in Europe, even the famous auctions of works of art which sometimes occur at Berlin, Paris, or London. But here we are dealing with a sophisticated, hard-headed, practical circle of buyers. They expect to get value received for what they pay. Their business is

more than a business, it is an art. So the auction of the grand prize starts. Some one bids 50,000 pesos. Naturally he is not so simple as to believe that this will be accepted: 60,000 pesos!—a ripple of applause from the audience: 70,000 — 80,000. That was the highest sum ever paid until last year. The applause grows louder—90,000! That is the record price for the Hereford this year. Louder and more prolonged applause—100,000! A thunder of excited yells from the jubilant throng, then perfect silence. They want to hear the result. They wait for a possible higher bid. No, it is n't coming—105,000!—110,000! A moment of breathless waiting. The auctioneer makes a last effort; plays his purchasers for a moment longer, and then the hammer falls. Once, twice, and last. 'Faithful,' the great prize winner, raised in the country, sold for \$16,000 by its original owner to the present exhibitor, sells for 110,000 pesos — and it goes to Mr. Friedrich Sieger, a German!

BERLIN CURRENTS

BY GUSTAV ERENYI

A MAN strolling through the streets of Berlin before the war had the greatest variety of matters thrust upon his attention by the billboards. Side by side with terse orders of the all-powerful police were appeals by anti-vaccination societies, homeopaths, monists, and methodists, impressing their special brands of wisdom upon the people, or urging them to attend meetings at inconvenient places. There was room for everybody—for the enemies of religion, religious mystics, promoters of rhythmic gymnastics, political agitators, even for republicans, although the Imperial automobile signal and the presence of the Emperor's picture at every turn seemed to indicate the unshaken loyalty of the nation to the monarch. These eccentricities were but insignificant specks upon the powerful current of the people's life. Sounding deep and high, and overpowering these minor discords, was the great pulsating melody of a united nation's sphere-music. Now that such a melody is no longer heard, we realize what its absence means. Violent discords have destroyed the old rhythm. Though every political proposal is tagged, 'for the common welfare,' community spirit has vanished. Not only has Berlin become a stranger to Vienna, but Berlin has become a stranger to itself. Old intimacies and friendships have ceased just when one might expect them to become stronger. No longer is Berlin a city of little chatty circles and easy intimate gossip. We begin to miss even that universal in-

stitution, the afternoon coffee circle, where uncounted cups of real Berlin blend were drunk while wrecking the character of every absentee. Is that due to the high price of coffee? A barley substitute is certainly no proper stimulant for moral indignation. Or may not the ascending climax of great sensations have deprived all minor sensations of their charm?

Formal social display has rather increased then diminished. Five o'clock teas and brilliant soirees are still in order. An army of just-made millionaires adds to the glitter of such occasions. What people of better taste miss most is the loss of the old intimate social life, the breaking up of the little family groups and neighborhood circles of yesterday. An atmosphere of sad memories pervades the homes of the well-to-do middle class, in which was formerly centered so much of the better and more wholesome social life of Berlin. The homes themselves have not changed. One finds the familiar furniture in its former place; but the old time spirit has disappeared forever, and the houses where the best type of Berlin hospitality used to prevail are least able to-day to keep up the old customs. It is vain for well-meaning societies to agitate in favor of simpler and more frugal forms of entertainment. Good housewives will not receive guests with empty hands. So society has lost the very class which was best qualified to maintain its standards.

Human intercourse has reduced

itself to the strict utilities. This is not always confessed. We are unwilling to recognize that acquaintances and friendships are now formed for more or less practical purposes; and yet it is universally true. At a time when titles have been abolished, men are more particular than ever before to know for just what each acquaintance stands.

We apply the term radicalism to all phases of this subservience of social life to purely utilitarian ends. We have discovered that radicalism is invariably accompanied by a terror; that every effort at liberation receives its impulse from a minority. The peace-loving majority is becoming increasingly alienated from all extremists — whether Nationalists or Marxists, whether Anarchists or Expressionists. The masses now merely want to make a living, without interference from social regenerators of any kind. And yet this great majority patiently endures the extravagance of its radicals, whether in art or in political life. The common sense majority are unorganized, unassociated, unable to get together — and powerless to resist.

In the field of art, radicalism already verges on nihilism. The salient trait of the new æsthetic movement is denial. Our recent art exhibits have been an expression of protest. An obvious effort is being made to erect an artificial wall between the old and the new. Age and tradition are in themselves suspect to reformers. But behind their new wall the latter are building all kinds of little sub-divisions. Art-land, too, is a victim of its passions. It has become a country of pamphleteers; and those who were the most radical of all expressionists yesterday, are stigmatized to-day as conservatives or reactionaries.

A peculiar anarchist sect, although it is inspired with a jovial undertone, is the Dadist, which has been exposed to

the scorn of the world so long that its followers are beginning to conduct themselves as martyrs. With a Mephistophelian gesture, but still without a Mephistophelian spirit, your Dadist denies roundly that anything which befuddled humanity has hitherto attempted in the way of art has the slightest value. He consigns Goethe, Ibsen, and the most recent expressionists, to a common rubbish heap. They are all the cheap coin of what the Dadist youngster calls 'beer garden Philistines.' So these implacable reformers are going to destroy everything done by their predecessors. This is the meaning of their caterwaul music and of the astounding collection of garbage and ragbag scraps which they call pictures.

Radical ideas are also celebrating their triumph in the public schools. Many people doubtless take secret comfort in seeing the old-style Prussian schoolmaster, with his straight-laced hereditary traditions and formalities, pushed into a corner, even though they may acknowledge to themselves that old Germany owed much of its greatness to his punctilious discipline. To-day we are in an era of the boldest conceivable experiments, performed at the cost of the children. The latter have become merely material for educational clinics. For instance, an ultra reforming schoolmaster recently marched his class into the Castle Square, carrying all kinds of propagandist placards, where the little fellows performed a sort of scalp dance as a protest against religious instruction in the schools. Although our institutions of learning have become a battle ground for the most diverse and novel educational theories, the old feud still goes on between the champions of the humanities and the champions of the sciences and technical training. However, this ancient controversy is now compli-

cated by the battle between the advocates of unitary schools and advocates of specialized schools; between those who would continue the present school organization and those who would convert our places of instruction into 'children's homes,' and between those who see our educational salvation in parents' advisory councils and those who see it in committees of specialists.

Out of this chaos of pedagogic theories one dominant idea seems to be emerging — that which Gustav Wyneken tried to carry out in his institution at Wickersdorf just before the war. His idea of an 'organized school population' was not applied there long enough to show positive results; but it is assumed to offer the most promising key to our present problem. According to his ideas, the pupils as a body should form a deliberative assembly invested with self-governing powers, in which the teachers should be merely the first among equals. These emancipated freemen, spending their whole time in their garden schools, pursuing a revolutionary scheme of studies and conducting their Parliament, would be liberated almost entirely from parental control. So we hardly are started on our 'children's century,' when we face an 'organized school population century,' which proposes to abolish as many paternal functions as possible. Our new teachers think that they have discovered that parents are usually the worst possible educators. Are we entitled to hope better things from our reforming pedagogues?

Behind these plans for socializing the school children doubtless lies what Professor Freud would call a 'dislocated idea.' Every rational scheme of education proposes the self-education of the pupil. We have failed only too obviously to obey this principle. Observant children were quick to note that their fathers and mothers did

many things which were forbidden themselves under threat of punishment, and the minor and major offenses of the schoolmaster were equally apparent to their sharp eyes. We must begin somewhere to let the children educate themselves, if they are really to be educated. It is not such a bad idea to allow them to decide where that policy should start. Perhaps the teachers can accommodate themselves to the children's decision and thus get back to a normal working basis.

But there is also another, quite different dominant sentiment running through the confusion of the period. The prophetic *Decline and Fall of Western Civilization* seems to be a melancholy keynote, with which all the other disconcerting phenomena of the age fall into spontaneous accord. When Oswald Spengler laid the foundations for this theory some months ago, he merely announced a hypothesis in the philosophy of history. At once a whole controversial literature sprang up around this nucleus. A remarkable result has followed. People who have not read this book of seven hundred pages, and certainly never will read it, have seized upon the title and use it in daily conversation as the most accurate and convenient way to express a universal sentiment. Does this popular swan song of civilization voice a feeling peculiar to defeated Germany? Or was it necessary that Germany should be defeated, that from its own pain a new truth might be born into the world? The important thing is not the prophecy implied in the *Decline and Fall of Western Civilization*. Far more important is the sentiment which finds utterance in that phrase.

It is a sentiment far different from that which inspired the theories of decadence affected by blasé pale-faced aesthetes a generation ago. To be sure, we are dealing with a mere subjective

or arbitrary hypothesis, that the world is on its way to ruin, which we need not take too tragically and which it may well profit us to study. We may need something of this sort to jar us out of our complacent assurance of eternal progress — a progress which gave us the murderous weapons of the recent war. It is perhaps well that we should do some penance of humbler thinking, before we are permitted to pursue the path to wider knowledge.

However, almost simultaneously with the appearance of this creed of pessimism, the voice of a new believer in immortality has been raised in the land. What is more remarkable, it comes from a famous Berlin surgeon, Professor Karl Ludwig Schleich, and is the fruit of his physiological investigations. Recently this physician has published two books: *Consciousness and Immortality* and *The Problem of Death*, both of which develop the same thesis. Starting out from the cell theory, the author ventures to construct a hypothesis of perpetual life based upon the phenomena of the microscopic chromosomes and nuclei. He maintains that the smallest organisms in us, the elementary forms of living matter from which our bodies are built, are indestructible, and live from gener-

ation to generation and being to being, stamped with all the characteristics of our individuality. The significance of this theory is not in its grotesque chain of reasoning. We shall hardly be reconciled to death by the problematic principle that our nuclear substance will survive us. Our main question, the future fate of our conscious personality, is not thereby answered. Still, it is an interesting fact that biological investigation should be turning in this direction. Hitherto, our naturalists, like Haeckel, have refused to admit hypotheses of this class to the realm of science. Now, as our biological knowledge grows, our investigators find their discoveries leading them involuntarily into a field which the preceding generation would have repudiated, as worthy to be tilled only by visionary parsons and philosophers. Metaphysics is not dead, and Plato's eternal ideal celebrates a new victory over our exaggerated world of phenomena. The mere fact that men are working into metaphysics through physics is a hopeful sign. If, indeed, the war should divert the thought of men from the transient externals of phenomena to their eternal content, we may at last have picked up one clue to the meaning of that disaster.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A CHRISTMAS MASQUE

A GENUINE bit of an old English Christmas has been revived under most interesting circumstances. Readers of Hardy's *The Return of the Native* will recall his use of Dorset custom and tradition, and of how Eustacia made use of a Christmas mumming play to see Clym and so defeat the trivial destinies which were keeping them apart. As the mummers' faces were covered, the deception was made easy. By bribery, the youth cast for the Turkish Knight was persuaded to let her take his part. She presented herself to him 'changed in sex, brilliant in colors, and armed from top to toe. Perhaps she quailed a little under Charley's vigorous gaze, but whether any shyness at her male attire appeared upon her countenance could not be seen by reason of the strips of ribbon which used to cover the face in mumming costumes, representing the barred visor of the mediæval helmet.'

Now, thanks to the Dorchester Literary and Debating Society, which has just acted its own dramatic version of the novel, the interlude has once more been seen. The mummers represented their parts as their great-grandfathers represented them 70 or 80 years ago. Great trouble had been taken to reproduce costumes, swords, staves, visors, helmets, and other accessories; and the masque had been built up partly from Mr. Hardy's written snatches, and partly from recovered scraps of local tradition.

Father Christmas walks on, swinging his club, and clearing the room. He announces himself:

Here come I, old Father Christmas,
Welcome or welcome not,
I hope old Father Christmas
Will never be forgot.
Although it's Father Christmas, I've a short time
to stay,
But I've come to show you pleasure before I pass
away!

Make room, make room, my gallants, room,
And give 'us space to rhyme;
We've come to show Saint George's play
Upon this Christmas time.
And if you don't believe my words, I straight call
out, Walk in,
Walk in, O valiant soldier, and boldly now begin.

Thus adjured, the Valiant Soldier walks in — Slasher is his name, and he is not unduly endowed with that modesty which is characteristic of the military calling. Nor, indeed, is the Turkish Knight, who enters to him. Each celebrates his own prowess and readiness to fight. Says the Valiant Soldier:

If thou art called the Turkish Knight,
Draw out thy sword and let us fight!
I am the friend of good Saint George,
I've fought men o'er and o'er,
And for the sake of good Saint George
I'd fight a hundred more.

But his arm or his luck is not so strong as his will. They fight; he falls and dies. It is quite certain he dies. In fact, he must die, because everybody dead has to be cured at the finish.

The Turkish Knight is left vaunting himself and crying for Saint George, who does not need calling twice. There is no difficulty in recognizing him; he is no character in a modern comedy. He makes assurance doubly sure.

Here come I, Saint George, the valiant man,
 With glittering sword and spear in hand
 Who fought the dragon boldly and brought him
 to the slaughter,
 By which I won fair Sabra, the King of Egypt's
 daughter.
 So haste away, make no delay,
 For I can give some lusty thumps,
 And, like a true-born Englishman,
 Fight on my legs or on my stumps!
 What mortal man would dare to stand
 Before me with my sword in hand?

Need the result of the combat be stated? The Turkish Knight, after being wounded and revived by the doctor with a small but remarkable bottle, fights again, only to be killed. He is as dead as the Valiant Soldier. But Saint George's warfare is not yet accomplished. The Saracen enters with a 'loud strut' (according to the stage directions).

Here come I, the Osmanlee,
 I am the man to conquer thee!

The Saracen, too, falls; and Saint George, refusing his plea for pardon, cuts off his head. Here Father Christmas intervenes, hoping against hope that a 'doctor may be found, that can raise dead men from the ground.' Saint George recommends the doctor who has already shown some skill, and this magician undertakes to work marvels:

Being a doctor of great fame,
 Who from the ancient countries came,
 And knowing Asia, Afric-ay,
 And every mystery out that way,
 I've learned to do the best of cures
 For all the human frame endures.
 I can restore a leg or arm
 From mortification or more harm,
 I can repair a sword-split pate.
 A leg cut off — if not too late.
 Yea, more: this little bottle of alicampane
 Will raise dead men to walk the earth again.

His fee is tremendous — as much as a hundred guineas — but Saint George, being a sportsman, pays it cheerfully. The wonderful bottle is held to the lips and heart of each dead man. They rise

'inch by inch' to a chanting accompaniment. The whole company sing more cheerfully, and retire, leaving Father Christmas to utter a kind of managerial apology, which confesses sympathy for the audience, though it may start somewhat abstrusely:

You needs will have confessed
 That our calling is the best,
 But now we won't delay, lest tediousness befall,
 And I wish you a Merry Christmas, and God
 bless you all.

Both interlude and play were accounted a great success.

H. B.

The Cat and the Fiddle

BOOKS of latin verse still appear from time to time in England. From the most recent, we extract the following translation of a favorite Mother Goose rhyme:

Dum Didulum Didulum felis violina caneabant;
 Ecce super lunam vacca proterra salit!
 Incipit aspiciens ludum ridere catellus;
 A mensa ligulam deinde patella rapit.

Napoleon

A Dictionary of Napoleon by H. N. B. Richardson has just been issued by Cassell. 'Particulars of the personality of Napoleon and all that recent research has discovered with reference to the more obscure episodes in his career have been carefully examined and collated,' says the author; 'the campaigns necessitated by his policy; the commercial, political, and artistic developments of his reign; biographical matter relating to his family from the earliest recorded member thereof down to its latest scions; the political circumstances of the various countries with which he had warlike or pacific relations; his habits and idiosyncrasies; the great leaders who served or failed him; his more private life; his relations with his secretaries and valets; the women he loved, and so forth.'

London Literary Revivals

THIS is perhaps the best place to mention the not unnatural revival of the Phoenix Stage Society, which disappeared, rather vaguely and mysteriously, some time last spring. The new programme promises more than did the first. We are to have Otway's *Venice Preserved*, Dryden's *All for Love*, Jonson's *Volpone* and *Bartholomew's Fair*, and *The Witch of Edmonton*. Now one announcement of the Phoenix was Otway's *Don Carlos*. Otway did, as several people know, write a play of this name; but the people who know more of it than its name are very few. *Venice Preserved* is, however, a comparatively famous play, though hardly any man has ever seen it and few have ever read it. But, if we are to deal with Otway at all, it is his most famous play that we wish to see first.

Ledwidge and Dunsany

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE'S complete poems with an introduction by Lord Dunsany have been re-issued by Herbert Jenkins. The book is well arranged and printed. To my mind the most haunting verse is that lovely stanza:

And I who am a thought of God's now long
 Forgotten in His Mind, and desolate
 With other dreams long over, as a gate
 Singing upon the wind the anvil song,
 Sang of the Spring when first He dreamt of me.

The Von Liphardt Collection

DURING the Russian Revolution the great Baltic landowner, Baron von Liphardt, fled to Copenhagen, leaving at his castle of Rathshof, near Dorpat, his famous art collection, which contains works by many of the great masters, Michael Angelo, Giorgione, Ghirlandaio, and so forth. Some time ago the Baron succeeded in getting the most of his collection over here, and he has given his library of thirty thousand

volumes to Dorpat University. At an auction sale which is to be held in Copenhagen this month, the Baron is going to sell the greater part of his collection. Among others there will be included pictures by Giorgione, Ghirlandaio, Tiépolo, van Dyck, Andrea del Sarto, Murillo, Jan Steen, Ruysdael, Raeburn, and Lawrence, though probably they will not all be first-class examples of these masters. There will also be sold pictures, furniture, bronzes, and a fine collection of old Chinese porcelain.

New Irish Fiction

THE *London Times* thus writes of the work of Mr. Daniel Corkery:

'*The Hounds of Banba* by Mr. Daniel Corkery,* is a collection of short stories about Sinn Feiners by a Sinn Feiner, not only unrepentant, but exultant. If you say you do not wish to read such a book, there is an end of the matter so far as you are concerned, but it does not determine whether Mr. Corkery's book, considered as literature, is good or bad. An ardent Sinn Feiner would be as likely to err on this point as his most ardent opponent.

'It is probable that Mr. Corkery himself was divided between the aim of artistic creation and that of political enthusiasm: yet there are times when artistic creation wins. The story called "On the Heights," for instance, is a fine piece of work. It is just an incident in the life of a Sinn Feiner hiding from the police. Warned in the nick of time, he is flying at break-neck speed on a bicycle down the mountain bohireens; the hoot of the pursuer's car drives him puffing and panting up a steep mountain side. Rain comes on with a thick mist. By good luck he finds a track leading to a lonely cottage. A middle-aged man and his wife receive him, and speak in whispers, for the old

*Dublin: Talbot Press. 4s. net.

man is asleep in the next room. With a crash the storm blows in the door, and, as they close it by main force, the ancient awakes, a domestic tyrant. But he gets his answer from the bold intruder, who that night sleeps in the old man's bed. As they talk together in the early morning, the old man reveals himself a rebel at heart, contemptuous of his son and his son's wife. It is but an incident, but it is told with force. The breathless escape, the climb, the storm, the fierce dialogue to the accompaniment of the gale, and the old man hissing out his prayers in bed, all tell: Mr. Corkery has the vision. "A Bye-Product," too, which tells of the subtle change that takes place in a lout, almost an idiot, under the influence of nocturnal drilling, is sinister in its simplicity.

'This is a picture of Ireland, at any rate, if not of the Ireland that we in England should wish. It is a picture charged with passion and pride: flight and concealment, incursions by the police, motor-lorries full of soldiers rushing through villages, armored cars, nocturnal drilling, and suffering for a heartfelt cause are its incidents. And through it all sounds the bitter chord of Easter week and those deaths in the Mountjoy prison. The last story, one admits it with relief, more definitely strikes the note of pure beauty. The character of Nan Twohig is beautiful, and it was a symbolic act of hers which saved a village. As Kelly's shop was

burned she stood by the stone cross of the ruined abbey. "She had climbed the steps of the cross, and stood by its side, with her right hand stretched out, stiff; and the light played upon her; and petrol makes a strong light. They saw her hand move. They fled. On the steps she was found." That is what they said, and they went on to say: "And this is the end of all, that all miracles are the fruit of love." Of such a miracle we are sadly in need.'

Principal L. P. Jacks on Mr. Wells' History

'HE has shown himself a great workman, an upright judge, a wholesome idealist, and a bold adventurer; and it is hard to say in which character we honor him the more. To religion in general he has been scrupulously fair, misinformed though we think him on a few vital points. He has made us feel the immensity of the past achievement of our race, as well as the immeasurable shame of opportunities lost and ideals betrayed; and he has opened out broad vistas of hope for all men and nations who, with this mingled record behind them, have the wisdom to repent *together*. He has achieved a task which, had he not achieved it before our eyes, we should have deemed beyond the powers of man, and though perfect success was not to be thought of, the result is as valuable as it is unique. "Well done" must be the verdict of all fair-minded men.'

[The Japan Advertiser]

WITHIN THE TRIPLE MOAT: BEING GLIMPSES OF THE HOME LIFE OF THE MIKADO

BY 'RENSEI'

GENERALLY speaking, little is known of the private life or habits of the Imperial Family of Japan, and to all but the inner Court circle everything within the Palace gates is veiled in a semi-sacred mystery as of the Holy of Holies. It is, however, possible to obtain a few glimpses of the life and character of the late Sovereign, Meiji Tenno Heika, in a small volume entitled *Jokan Monogatari*, or *Stories of the Court Ladies*, that was published in the first year of Taisho, soon after the death of his late Majesty. Whether what is written therein is authentic or not, it is naturally not easy to say, but the circumstantial details certainly have every appearance of being correct, and so far as is generally known it would not appear that the narratives have ever been questioned.

The book deals mostly with the life of the Court ladies who were in attendance on the late Emperor and Empress, giving their names and ranks and a description of their daily lives and duties, their hobbies and amusements, and even their religious beliefs and observances. Naturally in this connection many stories occur in which their Imperial Majesties are referred to, often in such a way as to throw much light on their personality.

The impression gained from these few glimpses is that their Majesties were possessed of very firm and decided characters, and had an ever present sense of the responsibilities of their exalted position, and though they

were happy in being served by as brilliant a group of men as ever came together in any of the former decisive eras of Japanese history, they themselves were able to inspire in their ministers and generals, as well as through them in their subjects, as great a measure of affection as any rulers have ever done, and this mingled with such a reverential awe as we can only imagine having been paid to such a one as, for instance, Amen-hotep, the Divine King of Thebes. It was something like the loyalty accorded to the mediæval Rajput Princes of India, or the great monarchs of the Gupta line. And there was nothing militaristic about it, for the Japanese Tenno is no Shogun, and never lived in a castle until the present era of Meiji.

'The greatest ministers and generals were regarded as nothing by these ladies of the Court,' says this work, 'and shared with all other subjects the designation of "Shomin," the ordinary people.' Thus, though during his reign Japan was victorious in two campaigns, and though the Tenno was nominally the Commander-in-Chief, it is not as a general that he appears to his people, but rather as a wise and discriminating statesman and administrator. The title of Emperor, Imperator, or Commander is therefore rather a misleading translation of his usual title Tenno, which signifies simply 'the Heaven Born.' The following extract shows some of his characteristics as well as some of those who surrounded him.

Certain specified newspapers used to be taken by the Court, but those that were to be submitted to His Majesty were first scrutinized by the Chamberlains, who cut out any items that seemed to them vulgar or in any way offensive. But Meiji Tenno did not like this at all, and told them that there was no need to do it. 'I suppose there are some more bad tales about Katsura,' he once observed, to the great trepidation of his attendants, who from this time forward brought him the papers just as they were. This censorship had not, however, been enforced in the case of the Court ladies so no doubt they knew all that went on in the world outside, though they may not have said anything about it, for they lived quite in a sphere apart.

Once, when the present Emperor was only about eight years old, and had not yet been appointed Crown Prince, being only known as Haru-no-Miya, the Emperor sent for Count Hijikata and told him that he wished him to take charge of the Prince's education. Now Count Hijikata reflected that the Court ladies would be sure to try to interfere in anything of this kind, and complain to the Imperial Parents if there was anything that they disliked and so make trouble, but at the same time he concluded that, in ordering him to undertake this duty, the Emperor wished to ward off from the Prince the out-of-date ideas and pernicious influence that he might contract if brought up entirely in the Palace, so he made this reply to his Imperial Master: 'Since this Prince is the precious branch who is to continue the August Line of Sovereigns that has been unbroken for so many ages, if his education is to be entrusted to me I can only undertake it on the understanding that no one, not even Your Majesties, much less any lesser persons, will in any way interfere with my plans.' To this the Emperor gladly

consented, saying, 'I leave everything to you,' and so the Count did as he pleased, free from all hindrance. If the Emperor once put his trust in anyone he never entertained any suspicion of their loyalty. So Count Hijikata took charge of the young Prince's education, and from that time there was a great change in it.

Instead of only coming in contact with those in the inner Palace as heretofore, he went out to school, and visited barracks and other places where he met various kinds of people. Of course this was the cause of much carping criticism on the part of the inmates of the Palace, who complained that it was all very undignified, and would affect his prestige, beside having a tendency to make his disposition less gentle; but it was of no avail. On one occasion when the Count accompanied him to the barracks, His Highness noticed the knapsacks on the soldiers and exclaimed, 'Hijikata! Are wa nan da?' Whereupon the Count explained that they were to hold all kinds of things that the soldiers need to carry with them. Then the young Prince, with the natural curiosity of a child, ordered one to be brought to him for inspection, and after looking at it, announced his wish to return with it on his back. 'But this is too large and heavy for Your Highness,' replied the Count, 'so if you wish, I will have a suitable one specially made for Your Highness' use.' This was soon done, and the Prince was highly delighted, putting it on and walking about with it every day, and when he came to go to the Peers' School a little later on, he still continued to take it with him. And as the other students all imitated His Highness in this custom, this is the reason why the pupils of the Primary Department of the Peers' School all carry knapsacks on their back at the present time. This was too much for the nerves of the

Palace ladies. 'This is too much! His Highness going about with a knapsack on his back like a common soldier.' But they had all their trouble for nothing as before. Up to this time, too, there were certain fixed times appointed for His Highness to meet his August Father, but this also Count Hijikata altered, doing away with the troublesome regulation, and arranging that the Prince could see the Emperor whenever he wished, of course not without more opposition from those in the Palace, who accused him of acting like a rebellious subject and setting the rules of the Imperial Family at naught.

Concerning His late Majesty's love of poetry, this anecdote also is told. The reports made to the Emperor by the cabinet were always sent in envelopes of fine white paper, and placed before him, and when His Majesty had finished with them, he would always write a poem or two on the blank part of the envelope. Prince Iwakura often noticed this when he was Household Minister and went to consult His Majesty about something, at which time the Emperor would turn the envelope over with one hand as he looked round to listen to what his minister had to say.

There was one of the Imperial Chamberlains, named Nishi-Yotsuji Kinnari, who was very clever with his brush, and the Emperor often gave him a sheet of paper and asked him to make a sketch on it. Then he would hand this to one of the Court Ladies and request her to write a poem to accompany it, afterward ordering it to be sent to the chief of the Imperial Poetry Bureau for criticism; in this way the art of verse-making was greatly stimulated among the Courtiers.

His Majesty was always devoted to poetry from his earliest years right up to the end of his life. When quite a child, his father, Komei Tenno, who was

also a great enthusiast, would set him one or two subjects every day, and always insisted on poems being made on them; so His Majesty, who had a natural inclination for the art, never let a single day pass without composing several. This was only one instance of the pains the Emperor took about everything to which he gave his attention.

Even to this day no gas or electricity is used in the inner Palace where His Majesty resides, and nothing but candles are used to light it. In consequence of this, the ceilings get rather blackened with the smoke, giving the rooms an air of severe and antique simplicity. Seeing that His Majesty paid unremitting attention to everything that was being done in the world outside, and was ever anxious that anything should be adopted that would conduce to the progress of his country, though it was always his policy to retain everything that was good in national characteristics, this simplicity in his own personal surroundings is an admirable example of his love of the ancient elegance. So, also, the old custom of hanging Gifu lanterns along the verandas of the Imperial apartments in the evening in the summer season greatly appealed to the Emperor's taste. In the autumn another kind of lantern called Yugao-toro was hung along the eaves, and these were always made by the Court ladies. They were always made at the Imperial Garden at Shinjuku from bottle gourds from which the inside had been extracted through a round hole, so that a candle might be put into the hollow body. Their quaint and graceful appearance was very pleasing to the Emperor. One evening in autumn, Meiji Tenno happened to glance out at the veranda from his apartment and noticed that these lanterns had been lighted, and remarked how pretty they looked. On

looking at them more closely, he saw that two slanting eyes and two nostrils had been made in each of them, so that it looked as though a row of comic faces was swaying about in the evening breeze. Highly amused at the oddity of it, the Emperor involuntarily burst into a loud laugh. Now His Majesty was always exceedingly grave in his expression, and never was seen to laugh on any occasion whatever, so that even those who had been in attendance on him in the Palace for a very long time could not remember any case of his laughing loudly in this way, so one can guess how funny these lanterns must have been to have had such an effect. They were the work of the cleverest of all the Court ladies, the Lady Sono Gon-Tenji; and so famous did it become that she was ever afterward known as Yugao-no-Tsubone.

Awe-inspiring as His Majesty was to most of his subjects, it is related that he was a most kindly friend to those who had the privilege of knowing him intimately. Here is a description of his interviews with Prince Ito.

None was as much trusted and relied on by Meiji Tenno as Prince Ito. Of course there were others who were also admitted to the Imperial confidence, but though the Emperor himself might wish them to be quite at ease, they were so overcome by the dignity of his presence and his sacred personality, that, when they entered his presence, they were far too agitated to speak their mind clearly or to comprehend in its entirety all that His Majesty said. But Prince Ito was not in the least nervous; he would listen most calmly and deliberately to the Emperor's words, and then give his own opinion without the least reserve. His sincerity and presence of mind were on quite a different level from the behavior of all the other ministers and Elder Statesmen.

Prince Ito was very fond of smoking, and would much embarrass the Palace Guards who were stationed at the gates by walking right up to the waiting room, next to the Imperial reception-room, with his hat on and a cigar in his mouth. They would say, 'Won't Your Excellency please take off your hat at least?' 'Oh, that's all right,' the Prince would reply, and go right up to the waiting room as he was. All the other ministers and Elder Statesmen would uncover their heads and throw away their cigars and stand in a posture of reverence waiting for someone to show them in, but Prince Ito on the contrary used to go right into the waiting room and then take off his hat and announce himself by saying, 'Ito has come,' and, still with his cigar in his mouth, open the door and enter the presence of the Emperor. His Majesty never found any fault with him for this, and the Prince would leave the table and chat quite freely to the Emperor, interspersing his talk with his usual humor, and His Majesty would listen and respond in the same way, interposing no formed barrier at all to their free interchange of sentiments. This could never have happened unless both Sovereign and subject had been entirely in sympathy with each other, and there had been the deepest affection between them.

In the Inner Palace religion was by no means neglected. It might naturally have been supposed that in the Court Shinto would have been preferred, but this was not the case. It was Buddhism. There was a splendid Buddhist shrine in the Palace, and here, we say it with due reverence, it is said that His Majesty himself would sometimes come to worship. Her Majesty the Empress was, as is well known, exceedingly devout, and though, perhaps for reasons of policy, His Majesty was not able to express his feelings for Buddhism as much as he would have wished, yet the

Imperial solicitude for this faith can be understood from the fact that the Emperor on several occasions conferred upon the saintly and learned priests of former days the title of Kokushi or Great Teacher.

At the present day it is the Tokke sect of Buddhism only that is in vogue in the Palace, perhaps because this is the sect of the Kujo family, from which the present Empress came, and by reason of the connection with the Imperial Abbess Murakumo, who is of this sect, but at any rate so it is, and the lively and vigorous invocation Namu-myohorengekyo is preferred to the calm and sedate Namu Amida Butsu of the Shin sect. During the illness of His late Majesty it was reported in the newspapers that the Lady Sonon Gon-Tenji proceeded to the temple of Honmonji at Ikegami to pray for his recovery, and on this occasion the priests of that temple were astonished at her uncommon

knowledge of their ritual. Simply clad in a robe of purple linen, with zori on her feet, and but one lady attendant, she knelt quietly down before the altar in the semi-darkness of the main hall of the temple with its glimmering sheen of gold and brocade, and waiting until the priests had lighted the lamps before the shrine, in a clear and ringing voice began to chant the Juryo-bon of the Hokke-kyo. And such was the calm serenity of her bearing, the fullness and melody of her voice, and the practised skill of her intonation, that not the least flaw could be found in it. It seemed rather the chanting of an experienced priest of ten or twenty years standing than the prayer of any amateur. Though they had heard that the Hokke sect was very flourishing at Court, the priests had never dreamed that there was anyone there so well versed in their ways as this, and were struck dumb with amazement.

[Cornhill]

ROGUES AND ROGUERY

BY SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, BT.

DURING the last years of the fifteenth and the first half of the sixteenth centuries, Spain may claim to have originated no less than three new types in literature, of which each was destined to exercise a wide influence in Europe. A dainty, duodecimo copy of the most famous of the 'rogue' novels now lies before me. It bears the date 1602, the imprint of the Plantin press, and the bookplate of my grandfather, and to such readers as may not have happened to

dip deeply into Spanish literature I now offer these few remarks upon the subject.

What first strikes and surprises us in the *Vida de Lazarillo de Tormes* is that this living record of low life, teeming as it does with observation and with actuality, should be the work of one in whose veins ran some of the bluest blood in Spain, a man of the highest distinction not merely in scholarship, but also in statecraft and diplomacy. Not less was my sur-

prise, when, happening to dine at Christ Church, Oxford, as an undergraduate guest, I was informed that a staid and spectacled don, then entering the hall, was a learned mathematician and had written *Alice in Wonderland!* Yet Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, fifth son of the Marquis de Mondéjar, and born, in 1503, within the precincts of the Alhambra during his father's tenure of office as first Spanish Governor of Granada, was in his time not merely the grave historian of his country, but also its ambassador to Venice, its Envoy to the Council of Trent, and its special Plenipotentiary to Rome. I must hasten, however, to explain that, though not published until 1554, it was during his student days at the University of Salamanca, before the toils and cares of life had sobered him, that his most famous work was written.

Lazarillo de Tormes, who tells his own story, begins by informing us that he derived his surname from a river, having been born in the water-mill where his father was employed. Life was hard, and the father, yielding to temptation, gets into trouble and disappears; whereupon the wife forms a new connection with a Moorish ostler, by whom she bears a second boy. There is a passing allusion to the little brown brother whom Lazarillo fondles and keeps warm, and then the hardness of life reasserts itself. In order to provide for wife and child, the groom had made too free with the oats. So Lazarillo sees the family group again broken up, and his mother finds employment in an inn. Among those who frequent this *posada* is a blind beggar, who recognizes that the urchin may be useful to him, so the poor woman, feeling that it is the best she can do, gives the boy her blessing and

takes leave of him. Thus does poverty play havoc with family affection, even where it is so exceptionally strong as generally with the Spaniards! We often speak of a word 'passing into the language.' Well, the Dictionary of the Spanish Academy interprets the noun *lazarillo* as *el muchacho que guía y dirige al ciego*. So that, since him of Tormes, all leaders of the blind are Lazarillos. For it is now that his adventures begin. His master is one in whom hard circumstances have developed cruelty and cunning. He soon gives the lad a painful proof of his power, thereby enforcing the lesson that a blind man's boy must be more knowing than the devil. Till now Lazarillo has been charmingly ingenuous, but this counsel is not thrown away on him, and he realizes, once for all, that his lot is to contend with one who is really not much less astute than the Father of Lies.

The blind beggar's special forte is hypocrisy. He knows by heart a hundred prayers, which he will recite in a low, well-modulated tone, while assuming an air of devoutness. And he has special prayers to meet special cases; as, for example, for women who are childless, or about to bear children, and for those who get on badly with their husbands. He likewise does a little in prophecy, as a quack doctor, and as herbalist—it is as circumstances may dictate. Here, then, was the rascal whom Lazarillo found himself called on (if he would keep body and soul together) to out-rascal! Because, though the blind man's takings were liberal, he was so extremely avaricious, that he would willingly have starved the boy. But in cunning the boy becomes his match. For example, when the beggar had had his forage-bag secured with a padlock, Lazarillo would unpick a few stitches of the seam and draw forth morsels through

the opening. When a *blanca* (half-penny) was paid him for a prayer, he would slip the coin into his mouth and pass a farthing to his master.

Stolen draughts from his master's drink were, however, less successful, for the blind man's suspicions were aroused, so that he kept a hand upon his mug. To meet this difficulty, the monkey got a straw and sucked the wine through it from a distance, and, when this trick came to be blown upon, drilled a hole in the bottom of the vessel and stopped it with wax, which at the right time he would melt, and so let the comforting liquor trickle down his throat while he knelt between his master's knees. But the beggar got wind of this device also, and, having bided his time, smashed the mug over the culprit's mouth, breaking his teeth and cutting his face. It was, as you see, a case of Greek against Greek. For the boy had profited wonderfully by precept and example, and had the two been willing to combine resources, they might have held their own against the world. But the hand of each was ever against the other, paying off old scores, until at last Lazarillo, having made things too hot for himself, had to give his old man the slip.

The next employment he found was as servant and acolyte to a priest at Maqueda, not far from Toledo, where he soon discovered that he had fallen out of the frying-pan into the fire. For the priest was not less stingy than the beggar, and had sharp sight into the bargain. Short commons were now so rigorously enforced that the starving boy would pray for deaths among the congregation, for the sake of their attendant funeral baked meats. His mother-wit, however, helps him, and a perfect little drama of move and counter-move is enacted round about the bread-chest, with ingenious con-

trivances to make suspicion fall on rats and on a snake. At length his tricks are found out, and, being sent about his business, after a severe mishandling, he betakes him to Toledo and enters the service of a gentleman.

His new employer is a typical figure; the personification of dignified penury. His house is bare, his larder empty; but his pride keeps a gallant show for the world, and covers up all deficiencies with decent, or with sounding, phrases. He is, in fact, a Caleb Balderstone of gentle birth and acting for himself. Unlike the beggar and the priest, he uses the boy well. Yet his is even less than theirs a service in which to grow fat. Its privations and expedients are lovingly detailed. But Lazarillo whom, with an eye upon the Dulwich Murillos, we may picture as embrowned and saucy yet sympathetic, has had an education as a beggar which has not been thrown away. It serves him well. And not him only; for his master, after glossing the situation with some far-fetched fiction, will stoop to benefit by the lad's good will and share his tripe and cow-heel. This feasting-scene, with its unlooked-for delicacy on the one hand and elaborately guarded self-respect on the other, is one of the best things in the book. A lean year, however, brings forth an edict to prohibit begging under pain of the lash, and the plight of these two companions in starvation becomes critical. And, ever as it does so, the *hidalgo's* sense of what is due to himself grows more pronounced. '*Que un hidalgo no debe á otro que á Dios y al Rey nada.*'* Besides, he is not so poor but that in his own country he owns houses which would be valuable were they but habitable, to say nothing of a dovecote which

*For a gentleman can owe nothing save to God and to the King.

might be reconstructed so as to hold pigeons. Yet this truly fine fellow has to decamp to escape pursuit for rent!

Masterless once more, Lazarillo engages, first with a friar, and then with a seller of Papal Indulgences, and it is notable that the portraits of both these gentlemen incurred the censure of the Church — not, presumably, for failing in resemblance. The performance of a sham miracle is now described with great spirit. After this, being by this time adolescent, he acts as assistant to a painter of tambourines, and as a water-carrier and servant to a chaplain. And here, at last, his luck turns, and he reaches the haven of a government appointment and a marriage as to which perhaps the less said the better.

Such is the bare outline of a narrative told with all that artistic realism which is so characteristic of Spanish creative work, and, at the same time, so distinct from modern French naturalism. For in the one case the artist dominates his material, in the other it dominates him. Apart from its inventive value, the charm of the story lies largely in its idiomatic raciness and authentic smack of the soil, in its touches of contemporary custom and lifelike sketches of local character. It is noticeable that a large proportion of its satire is directed against the Church. Its crowning merit is the character of the protagonist, whose errors must be excused on the ground of youth and hardship, while his *naïveté* and geniality remain to his credit.

The same can scarcely be said for *Guzman de Alfarache*, the most important of Lazarillo's numerous offspring, whose chief character lacks Lazarillo's winning simplicity, and errs by spinning his story out and overloading it with moral disquisition.

Guzman, of which the First Part was published in 1599, is the work of Mateo Alemán, a native of Seville, who is said to have been a man of frank bohemian temperament, notwithstanding his employment as an official in the Treasury. His book, which met with great and instant success, is perhaps the foremost of the fortune-seeking novels; but, unlike his predecessor's, the field of Guzman's adventures is not confined to Spain.

Born of ambiguous parentage, and having lost his father and quarreled with his mother, the boy Guzman runs away from home and spends a night beneath the stars. And then we are treated to the ever-fresh immortal comedy of the road and of the inn, the chance-acquaintance and fellow-lodger with the by-play of host and hostess, merchant-errant, friar, and muleteer. A spell of service in a *venta* affords occasion for a diatribe against inn-keepers; for, young as he is, Guzman is already a finished censor of men's failings. Having begged his way to Madrid, he joins a society of professional beggars, being attracted toward them, as he says, by their exceptionally well-fed look. By them he is initiated into the tricks of the trade, and while beguiling his long hours at the street-corners, now with games of chance and now with scandal about the passers-by, he lauds the beggar-life as the test of all lives, and in turn inveighs against house-servants, notaries, physicians, gamblers, and, in fact, all sorts and conditions of men. Native restlessness, however, robs him of content, even when he is well off, and he becomes first a cook-boy, and afterward a basket-bearer. He is as full of proverbial wisdom as Baltazar Gracian, yet his acquired habit of gambling leads him to fraud and thence to theft. Grown rich by these means, he proceeds to Toledo, rigs himself out

as a gallant, and forthwith embarks upon a couple of intrigues. For if the love-interest, supposedly indispensable to a romance, be wanting to *Lazarillo*, it is plentifully present in *Guzman*, and always in unedifying shape.

Not to weary the reader with excess of detail, he proceeds to Italy as a soldier, but quickly lapses again to the state of beggar, begging his way to Rome, the beggar metropolis, there to complete his study of the art. Here a charitable Cardinal, who, being a delightful character, supplies a welcome relief to the prevailing color of the narrative, takes pity on him and receives him into his house, thus affording the author an opportunity to paint the cabals of a great household. *Guzman* devotes the years he spends there to acquiring proficiency as a card-sharper, but when at length the long-suffering Cardinal dismisses him, he has acquired enough polish to be eligible for the service of the Spanish Ambassador. His function now is to promote his master's amours, and his creator makes good use of the opportunity to set a scathing description of the seamy side of high-life beside his picture of the beggar world. He is fully conscious of his own defects as a narrator, for 'never,' says he, 'was there an author so given to digression as myself.' And here follow many chapters made up of what has since become the stock-in-trade of the comic writers: lovers' mistakes of identity, love-assignments having futile or ludicrous terminations.

It is enough to indicate the venue, for Alemán is nothing if not bountiful, so that repletion in the reader may well precede exhaustion in the author. It may be that an endless series of exploits, not rounded off, and tending to no climax, must in the nature of things breed weariness; or this may be due to the fact that, unlike either his naïve precursor or the most brilliant of his

followers, *Guzman de Alfarache* lacks all charm or eminence of character. He is the *pícaro*, scamp or sharper, of the simplest, most archaic, type: the fellow who under any and all circumstances may be counted on to act the black-guard. A working stock of astuteness and of plausibility must in fairness be allowed him, for he could not hold his own without it. But, set aside by side with the fascinating effrontery of the blushless son of Santillana, *Guzman's* impudence is a mean thing. And at about this stage in his history, the same idea seems to occur to the author, namely, that wholly unmitigated roguery makes a rogue dull. For it is plainly suggested that *Guzman's* love for an attractive widow, whose acquaintance he has made by a trick, is accountable for raising him to the state of mind where a disinterested act becomes conceivable. Among the remaining parts which he lives to play are those of galley-slave and of candidate for religious orders. And surely now the reverse side of life has been exposed with fair completeness! It may be worth while to add that there is an ancient and well-known set of engraved illustrations to *Guzman*, which, in spite of their native Flemish ugliness, add not a little to the character of the book.

Its immediate and immense success brought forth a number of more or less direct imitations, of which it is here enough to specify the most notable, namely, *La Pícaro Justina*, the somewhat heavy biography of a female rogue, written by a Dominican monk, who, for obvious reasons, concealed his own name of Pérez under the pseudonym, López de Ubeda, and who published in 1605; the *Life of Márcos de Obregon*, by Vicente Espinel, 1618, of which more anon; and *El Gran Tacaño*, by that embittered satirist, Quevedo, published in 1627. Only a very lax use of the term *picaresque* would extend it

so as to include the immortal masterpiece of Cervantes, of which the First and Second Parts were published respectively in 1605 and 1615. For neither to the Don nor to his Squire is the term 'pica-roon' for a moment applicable. None the less, it is probable enough that, on taking up his task, the author's design was to write satire. But the soul of satire is bitterness, while his book turned out to be the sweetest and most genial in the world. For his genius had in fact proved stronger than his will. It simply took the pen into its own hand, and amid an enchanting panorama of old Spanish life, set the greatest, noblest, and most lovable of philosophic romances, or studies of eternally contrasted types, that literature has known. When the conflict between the loftiest, least self-seeking idealism on the one hand, and the most complete, most convinced, and yet most genial worldliness on the other, shall cease to confront us in our daily life, then and not earlier will the interest of *Don Quixote* be effete. In it sheer genius has broken through all limitations of the personal and the actual, and has made its types superhuman, universal, and yet recognizable at every turn. Nor, among the great things Shakespeare has done, has he done that great thing. But, if we would find the genuine picaresque in Cervantes, we must seek it, not in the *Quixote*, but in the experiences of the sharper, Rinconete, and the pick-pocket, Cortadillo, among the 'well-bred' miscreants of the gang of Monipodio in the *Novelas Ejemplares*. Yet, though no picaresque novel, *Don Quixote*, as I need hardly point out, played a part of prime importance in the movement by which the Picaresque Novel ousted and supplanted the Novel of Chivalry.

Returning now to the proper subject of this article, to wit, the *genio*

picaresco in modern Europe (for I do not here pretend to deal with its brilliant anticipation by Petronius in old Rome), I have to acknowledge that, though this excellent literary form owes its birth to Spain, it owes to France the credit of perfecting it. And to the too patriotic Spaniard, this constitutes a grievance of long standing. Indeed, there lies before me as I write a Barcelona edition, dated 1842, of the *Adventures of Gil Blas*, on whose title-page these adventures are described as 'robadas á España y adaptadas en Francia por Monsieur Le Sage, restituidas á su patria y á su lengua nativa por un Español amante de su nacion.'*

Well, we all know that Spaniards, and not they alone, are quite capable of stretching a point where the glory of their country is concerned. But when the above-cited patriot goes on to describe his work as 'augmented and improved,' he is treading on dangerous ground. Briefly, the truth, as between him and his adversary, is that Alain René Le Sage showed an unscrupulousness scarcely consistent with the practice of a self-respecting artist in the freedom with which he acted on the saying, 'je prends mon bien là où je le trouve.' In proof of this, Dunlop cites a considerable number of incidents lifted bodily from the *Márco de Obregon* of Espinel. And it is certainly an aggravation of such offences that, where they succeed, as with Sterne as well as Le Sage, posterity should generally incline to regard them all too leniently. What Le Sage unquestionably did for the picaresque novel was to endow it with a wit, sparkle, point; with a sense of style and sense of character such as it had never shown before.

* Stolen from Spain, and appropriated in France by Monsieur Le Sage, restored to their native land and tongue by a Spaniard who loves his country.

His *Gil Blas de Santillane* is simply the apotheosis, or transfiguration, of picaresque fiction, exhibiting a completeness altogether beyond Mendoza's modest dream, together with a polish and literary mastery equally beyond Alemán's powers of conception. But it is in the character of his hero—save the mark!—that Le Sage most triumphantly outstrips his predecessors. And the climax of that triumph rests in this, that, whatever of unscrupulousness and of shamelessness may fall to be set off against Gil's talent and address, his point of view is always so insinuatingly set before us that this scamp never loses our sympathy, nor does this scoundrel ever quite forfeit our regard. In the performance of this prestigious feat perhaps the character in fiction who comes nearest him is the Hadji Baba of Robert Morier. And this brings us naturally to the influence of the picaresque novel in England.

Among ourselves the new literary form had long to wait for complete adoption, though it was but forty years after the publication of *Lazarillo*, that is to say in 1594, that Shakespeare's contemporary, Thomas Nash, brought out his *Unfortunate Traveler*. But though picaresquerie enters into the doings of Jack Wilton, the record is far from consisting of that importation in an unadulterated state. For the tricks played by the lively page upon the vintner, the captain, the Switzer, and the orderly-room clerks, are freely varied with romantic, historical, and controversial matter, in the shape of hits at the Puritans, an account of the Anabaptists, and a history of the Earl of Surrey's love—affairs upon which no Pablo of Segovia or Guzman of Alfarche would have had a word to waste.

That Nash's little book proved a success may well be doubted. For

though the author is understood to have died young, about the year 1600, he would yet have had time, had the tide been flowing freely, to have followed up his maiden effort with other books on the same lines. Nor was *Jack Wilton* reprinted during his life-time; while it may be said to have waited well over a century for any noteworthy successor. Then, in 1722, Daniel Defoe produced his *History of Colonel Jack*, who, as he tells us on the title-page,

was born a gentleman, put apprentice to a pick-pocket, flourished six-and-twenty years as a thief, and was then kidnapped to Virginia, came back a merchant, was five times married, went into the wars, behaved bravely, got preferment, was made colonel of a regiment, returned again to England, followed the fortunes of the Chevalier de St. George, was taken at the Preston Rebellion, received his pardon from the late King, is now at the head of his regiment, in the service of the Tsarina, fighting against the Turks.

Here, surely, is a comprehensive and appetizing programme, and here the picaresque leaven may be seen freely working in British fiction. Told with characteristic circumstantiality, the chapters of *Colonel Jack* which deal with the doings of street-arabs of the Georgian era might well, I conceive, prove a snare to that section of our youth which aspires to make its life hold up a mirror to the cinematograph. But the initial disadvantages under which Jack labors are an excuse for anything; nor is it long before Defoe, who probably recognized the drawback which I have pointed out in Alfarche, begins to allow us to perceive the soul of good amid things evil in his hero.

To the same year as *Colonel Jack* belongs the very ugly novel of *Moll Flanders*, a female rogue, 'written from her own memoranda,' which produces, at least upon the male reader, a very much harsher effect than its predecessor. Proceeding

chronologically, there are certain critical authorities who would here place next in the picaresque category Fielding's *History of Jonathan Wild* (1743). But if this book is really to be accounted picaresque, it is certainly *sui generis*. For so tremendous is the irony which forms its principal ingredient, that its final effect is much nearer that of a sermon than of a piece of idle reading. Set beside it, the irony of *Candide* or of *Sadig* is as sunshine seen against a thundercloud; while, until the adventures of Heartfree get fairly under way, the story has too little movement. There remains to be considered the view which would regard it as pasquinade, or in its essence, bitter personal attack upon the Sadducaic Walpole. But it must here suffice to indicate that aspect of a tantalizing work. And, if *Jonathan Wild* was the nearest approach to a picaresque story that Fielding gave us, still, excepting *Amelia*, one can scarcely read a page of his other novels without observing that he had learned a good deal from the picaresques.

The romance of the road and the inn, the delight of constant movement, represent, however, the chief part of his debt to these masters. Roguery for its own sake had but small attraction for him. The joy and pride of authority triumphantly defied and overreached, the just exhilaration of the man who successfully lives by his wits and outruns the constable — these things left him cold. It may be that he had learned at Bow Street what Alemán had missed at the Treasury, and Mendoza at the Vatican; it may be, in a word, that he knew that subject too well to care to write about it. For though the characteristically English virtues of Tom Jones have blinded us to things more questionable than any mere sins of the blood, still it is only as a picaresque

novel with a very considerable 'difference' that the *History of a Foundling* can be classified. It was otherwise with Smollett — Smollett who, as will be remembered, was responsible for translations of both *Don Quixote* and *Gil Blas*. It is true that the escapades of Pickle and his traveling companion are of an amorous rather than a swindling character, and are indeed such as, in that full-blooded Georgian period, were judged by no means unbecoming in a gentleman. In Count Fathom, on the other hand, we have one who meticulously fulfils the requirements of the picaresque ideal, however violently our belief may be staggered by his precocious Machiavelism, and not less so that this is referred to offspring begotten by a nameless soldier upon a camp-follower who was also a most formidable virago. As a rule, however, alike in Fielding and Smollett we find the influence of the picaresque novel rather than that novel itself, together with such drastic modification of the principal character as enables him to figure with acceptance in the part of hero.

Both Scott and Dickens were in the sphere of fiction initiators rather than followers. Neither of them ever attempted to tell a rogue-tale pure and simple, though such a figure as that of Wildrake in *Woodstock* is proof enough that Scott, when he chose, could draw a scallywag. A rich Irish unctuousness, as of one to the manner born, goes a long way to redeem Thackeray's sole attempt in the genre, but for which *Barry Lyndon* would probably fall to be reckoned among the least successful of his books. In *Jack Shepherd*, despite a certain commonness of literary craftsmanship, as of one who writes for an inferior class of readers, Harrison Ainsworth made a really successful attempt to revive the picaresque style, producing a vol-

ume which, in the present writer's schooldays, half-a-century ago, it was still the aim of imaginative schoolboys to acquire, and of unimaginative schoolmasters to confiscate. Into the analogous work of writers of a later date it is not my purpose here to enter; but as I began this article with Spain, so let me finish there.

George Borrow, an agent of the British Bible Society, was very far indeed from being an out-and-out picaresque. But he had so much of the character as is implied by the passion of the road, combined with what Mr. Birrell has happily described as a 'genius for hobnobbing'; while, as we know from himself, Defoe's novels had strongly influenced him. Lavengro's *Joseph Sell* (had it ever been written) would surely have been picaresque. Among Victorian reputations, that of George Borrow has, in its due degree, resisted wear and tear, resisted reaction, much more successfully than, for example, the greater reputations of Carlyle and Tennyson. Borrow's *Gipsies of Spain* and *Bible in Spain* (of which my treasured *editio princeps* bears the date 1843) possess very many of the charms and none of the drawbacks of the picaresque tales. And is it not strange that, for a hundred years back, for every one English writer who has understood Spain — or, at least, has understood something of that dear and noble country — there should have been, from Ruskin to Harland and Hewlett, at least a hundred who have understood Italy?

Perhaps, from our insular point of view, it is scarcely too much to say that the Iberian peninsula has been to us a dumping-ground for writers who not only did not understand, but, what is more, did n't wish to understand. But to this rule there have been some exceptions, rare souls, who

sympathized with Spain and have interpreted her: let me specify Richard Ford, John Philip, the painter, William Stirling-Maxwell, Robert Cunninghame-Graham. Among these George Borrow has a foremost place, and in his Spanish books the soul of the picaresque novel may be said to stand purged and sublimed.

[*The Venturer*]

IN THE FIELDS OF ASPHODEL

BY C. E. LAWRENCE

THE Blessed Virgin was walking through the fields of asphodel that frame with gold the pleasancess of Heaven, when she came to the stream that separates her son's Paradise from the Elysian Fields. She stood to watch the flow of crystal water; while the flowers about her, happy in the light of her presence, lifted their yellow heads.

And as she stood and gazed, and thought of all the love and the need of love in the worlds, she heard a skirl of old-young laughter and looked; and saw, among the squander of flowers in the pagan fields beyond, an infant. His eyes were fixed on hers, and he laughed so merrily that it called to her mother-heart and she yearned to nestle and fondle the beautiful child. His mouth and eyes were full of mirth, his cheeks were dimpled, his hair was a glory of curled gold.

She called to him, 'Come!' and still laughing, he flew on his roseate wings over the stream and into her arms. She clasped him, cuddled him warmly to her, passionately kissed his down-bent head, and that moment was filled with a new wisdom, a new music, that spoke of all the lovers throughout the ages of the world.

'Who are you?' she asked, and felt a little frightened at the thoughts and visions that had come to her.

'I am Love,' he said.

'But I am Love,' she answered. 'I am the mother of all love.'

'And I,' he responded,—and though his aspect was as young as infancy, his lips were very old,—'I am the father of all love,' and he laughed again; there were echoes of mockery and tragedy in his laughter.

She put him down in the clustering asphodel and sat and gazed with delight at his superlative childish beauty; but was troubled because he suggested problems beyond her scope.

'How old are you?' she asked. 'A year and a day?'

'I am older than you,' he answered.

'No, no!' she said; but still she wondered, for his words and manner were different from those of childhood.

He laughed again, and his mirth also was strangely different from the silvery carelessness of the children; it held so much meaning, and so much of a meaning that frightened her.

'When the first man saw the first maid I was there,' the winged child was saying. 'I brought them to kisses; I caused them to mate. I am father of all the children that have been born of love. I have peopled the worlds. I have brought laughter and death to multitudinous hearts; my influence has ruled and subdued kings and conquerors, courtesans, tyrants, beggars, priests, princes, and outcasts. I am as old as life and older than death!' he said.

'And yet so very young!' said the Ever-Virgin Ever-Mother.

'As young as yesterday and nearly as old as Time. I have seen the innumerable generations spring from one pair of hearts that met and exulted and knew nothing of the fate that slept and woke behind their kisses. And no babe is born who will not at some moment be my victim for good or ill.'

He was thereupon silent; and so was

she, who looked on this infant and ancient immortal with eyes of deep trouble. He spoke with authority of so much that was beyond her vision.

'I fear you,' she said at last. 'I fear you and I fear for you.'

He laughed once more, and now his laughter was more eerie and strange than ever.

'All must fear me or invite me,' he said. 'No one can do without me. I am the lord of all, the master of everywhere!'

'No!' she said, and stood up stark with horror.

'I enter all realms and whenever I please I go. On my wings I go my own will and way — as now!'

He rose on his wings and flew mockingly round her bent and sorrowing head. She yearned still to hold him, to love and tend him, and to know that he was a baby helpless and needing womanly, motherly arms.

'Stay with me!' she cried. The dew of tears softened her appeal.

He made no further answer, but flew swiftly away on his mission of flame and mischief.

For long, as she mused among the asphodel, she imagined she could hear the hard notes of his old laughter.

[*The Athenæum*]

VOLTE-FACE: A STORY

BY W. M. LODGE

EARLY one morning a telegram came for Margaret Jefferson. She looked up at her brother, entering for breakfast, and said:

'Pater is dying. I'm going up by the 11.00.'

Leonard's expression of a cheeky cock-sparrow set grimly.

'At those people's?'

'Yes. I think you might come.'

He debated inwardly the worth of

stirring the inexplicable antagonism between himself and the dying man, and weighed the value of his appearance on the scene. He said: 'I can't stay.'

Margaret dressed carefully, and tried the effect of one or two veils. She always wore a veil, and her green eyes gleamed oddly through the meshes, and connected themselves with her jade ear-rings. She enabled women to say incredibly disagreeable things by an achievement of distinction as she moved, tall and rather slowly, and even more as she stood perfectly still, but her clothes were never remarkable.

As she dressed, old feelings of love, of admiration, of understanding of her father, mixed themselves with thoughts that tried to focus this climax accurately. No doubt of being in it occurred to her. She was going more than ever before into the unknown. She was plunging into those depths that for years had closed over her father, who had occasionally, and solely it seemed on her account, come to the surface in a private capacity. In a public one he had usually been attainable in chambers. She recalled stressful times when she had stood up to him, mostly for Leonard. As for her mother, remote, with a young sister, nothing could come of the tale of doleful tidings but upbraidings of the past and blind fury. Unthinkable that she — Margaret — should go to the woman's house.

That was where she was going, undoubtedly. The woman had been her own nurse, the nurse of a nurseryful, and her father had borne her off and made her the mother of a brood of her own, five or six, and one a son.

Now he was dying. He had sent for her. Margaret glowed with soft sympathy and rose to nobility of sentiment as Leonard scratched out his pipe with a knife and talked in a bad temper about 'No d——d humbug' in the railway carriage.

Superiority is sustaining. A legal status is unassailable. Her state of mind was akin to that of the Anglican who 'would pity and pardon Dissenters, but could not love them.'

The woman who had been their nurse met them, numbly unconscious; present anxiety eclipsed the past for her. She had always clung and obeyed. John James was no longer a support, but he could still give orders. One of them had been the summons to Margaret. She saw no use in sending for another woman; there were six in the house already, and all she wanted was John James; but she had done his bidding. And John James lay upstairs dying.

The fulfilment of his simple intention to get what he desired in life had resulted in complications that he, mistily happy, was leaving to unravel themselves behind him. The room was shadowed, and in and out came girls, graceful and sunny-haired, bringing things to his bedside, or grouped by a table working and talking in low voices. What a good-looking lot they were, all of them! All his and that woman's with the anxious face, who, thank goodness, always did what she was told. She could n't have wanted Margaret, but he had said she was to come, and now she was watching below to open the door to her. He had always loved children, liked them about him, been proud of them. Not that young cub Leonard, with his d——d cocksure face. His son, the very core of his heart — Jim — stood by the window, tall, slender, as sensitive as a racehorse; he could feel his eyes, they never left his own face. Margaret and he would be a pair, looks and brains, breeding in every line of them. He had wanted to see them together. His. Something to be proud of to leave such stock behind you. Men built bridges and things, and pored over insects and — John

James sniffily reviewed the great works of the earth and dozed.

He was roused by a voice he hated saying, 'Well, Pater?' in a tone of encouraging moral superiority to all around it. At the same moment he saw Margaret, erect, distinguished, her green eyes gleaming down.

From that moment Leonard became non-existent as far as his enfeebled father could make him so. He clasped Margaret's hand. She was unaffectedly conscious of being — after a slow, comprehensive gaze at every figure as she entered — the best-looking and best-dressed woman in the house. She felt unfeignedly sorry for all these — these illegal — girls, and really heart-wrung for her father, who had wanted to see her so much that he had waived distinctions and subjected her to this ordeal.

'Pater, dear,' she said in her drawly, rather deep voice, 'is there anything you'd like?'

The eyes that had never left John James's face burned a scorching fire of questions; for one instant they rested on the futile, faded mother shrunk away to a further corner, and flashed round the sisters, risen, amazed,

shocked into recognition of a flighty past of their father's besmirching their even tenor of respectability. There was no mistaking this written on their mild, meek faces.

The women who said things about Margaret would have triumphed at this instant divination of incarnate sin by incarnate innocence. John James's little eyes twinkled into life: he saw Leonard's nose in the air, Margaret's beautiful resignation; he read the huddled faces of his illegal daughters plainly. Suspicion, anguish, disappointment, fought down the soul's adoration in the son's face he loved best in the world. All those bodies had been his, but their souls were their own. However you looked at it, he had somehow wronged Jim most. He beckoned him with the hand Margaret did not hold. He lay between them, linking them, brother and sister.

That was his last effort. A little sigh, and he gave it all up.

Jim led his mother into another room and shut the door.

'Mother,' he said, 'who are these people?'

There can be irony in echoes.

[The Anglo-French Review]

MR. GEORGE MOORE'S 'AVOWALS'

BY T. W. ROLLESTON

I BELIEVE Mr. George Moore's first book was written in French, and of his last, one of the most important and interesting sections is also in that language. Of the body of work which lies between, it may fairly be said that no other writer of fiction can be named beside Mr. Moore as an interpreter of the French spirit to English readers. His vision of life is clear, definite, impartial. It is not a cruel vision; on the contrary, it is full of tenderness, but he insists on letting facts tell their own story. An English lady, in argument with M. Taine, is reported to have asked the historian, 'But, monsieur, with your views how do you save the world?' 'Madam,' replied Taine, 'I do not save the world.' Neither does Mr. Moore; but he is enormously interested in the world, and he has gradually worked out an art of telling us about which is a new thing in English literature.

It is mainly of this art that he speaks in the very remarkable volume of literary criticism which he had lately published under the title of *Avowals* — a book to be reckoned with by all to whom literature is a serious study or pursuit. In form it is extraordinarily varied; one might call it formless were it not for the unity of the theme. But every living thing (and this book certainly lives) makes a form sufficient for itself. A symbol may help to indicate the character of the composition.

Imagine four maidens playing ball in a flower-garden. You think, perhaps, of a classical scene, but no; these

girls are not Greek, nor are they modern; they come, I think, out of the early Renaissance, the time of Botticelli. Their many-colored draperies gleam and flutter as they race or turn, they laugh and mock each other, they practise little ruses; there is, let it be said, sometimes a stumble or an ungraceful gesture, for these are no waxen maidens in studied poses out of a picture by Leighton; they are alive and hearty, at once simple and gay, beautiful and mysterious; links in a chain of eternal vitality that ripples through the endless, interwoven movement of their delightful play.

That is the image called up in my mind as I read *Avowals*. In pure craftsmanship, in mastery of language and critical insight, it is, I think, the best book we have ever had from Mr. Moore's tireless hand. In its theme it is one: in form, it has the variety implied in our similitude of the ball-playing maidens. There are in it imaginary conversations between the author and Mr. Gosse, between the author and an American critic, Mr. Balderston; there are essays and reminiscences; there is a long lecture in French on Shakespeare and Balzac; there is a charming letter, also in French, from Mr. Moore to a cloistered kinswoman who had entreated him to be reconciled to the Church and to burn his books; finally Mr. Balderston comes on the scene again, and the book closes with a discussion on art and modern civilization.

The ball that is tossed about from page to page, chapter to chapter, is the

theme of art and letters, principally letters, and, more particularly, the art of prose fiction. Mr. Gosse has somewhere remarked that English genius has gone into poetry. This observation is the starting-point of an inquiry into the deficiencies of the English novel. Mr. Moore walks up and down the garden of English prose literature, like Tarquin, slicing off the heads of the tallest poppies. Fielding, Scott, George Eliot, Dickens, Thackeray, Henry James — all lie low; Sterne, Pater, and Jane Austen survive, a little shaken; the Brontës, Defoe, Stevenson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, if not actually decapitated, are nicked, and droop mournfully on their stalks. *Gulliver's Travels* was apparently overlooked in the survey, an unfortunate omission, for it is wonderful story-telling, and deserved a formal judgment; which would, no doubt, have been that no one, however gifted, can write a masterpiece out of mockery and hatred.

Mr. Moore appears to regard *Marius the Epicurean* as the one impeccable or almost impeccable prose fiction in the English language. It is a book written 'not about any individual but about mankind.' Life is a great sea; most popular novelists, like Dickens and Thackeray, write about the fussy movements on the surface, the curl and foam of the crested waves; the true creative artist thinks more of the depths from which they rise. In *Marius* Pater was bent on exploring the depths, and he found in them things eternally true and living, the springs of thought and action, of which it may be said, with Sophocles, 'a mighty God is in them, and groweth not old.' In regard to Pater's peculiar literary style Mr. Moore has made a surprising critical discovery; he thinks he has found the source of this unique gift, or acquirement. Somebody once lent him a translation of Goethe's *Italian Jour-*

ney. It is a dull book, trivial and pompous, belonging properly, for the most part, to the lumber-room of literature, but in reading it Mr. Moore suddenly came across a passage which aroused his eager attention: it was the section in which Goethe gives an account of the life and character of St. Philip Neri. Eagerly he read it to the last word — and then a vision rose before him of Pater, on the steps of a library ladder, lost in a book, which he at last replaced almost tremblingly among its fellows on the shelves, and turned slowly away, conscious that a new birth had taken place in his mind, a new and individual manner of writing English as neither Pater himself nor anyone else had ever written it before, and as Pater henceforth wrote it to the end. A little maliciously Mr. Moore adds that his vision showed him Pater carefully removing the ladder to another part of the room, and calling to the librarian, to whom he put some questions regarding books about the life and time of the troubadours.

Is there anything veridical in this flash of recognition? I believe there is a great deal. Pater's earliest essay, 'Diaphanéité' (1864), gives no indication of the later development of his style; nor was it indeed a 'development' in any strict sense, for it emerged full and ripe — immediately after a visit to Germany and his first introduction to German literature, in which, for a time, and particularly in Goethe, he was deeply absorbed. I know, indeed, of no external evidence to show that he had looked into the *Italian Journey*, but all the chances are that he did, and Goethe's account of a saint of the Renaissance would have been sure to attract his eye. Now Goethe is here consciously writing in a peculiar manner; studied, elaborate, with a faint flavor of the monkish chronicle about it; a manner quite dif-

ferent from his ordinary prose, particularly the everyday prose of the *Italian Journey*. Here is an example. Speaking of a religious association of young men whom St. Philip gathered round him Goethe writes:

Since according to the high conception of the worthy President all speculation was prohibited, but every organized activity was directed to life, and life cannot be conceived without cheerfulness, he was careful in this matter also to provide for the innocent needs and wishes of his flock. At the approach of spring he was wont to lead them to San Onofrio, a lofty plateau, offering, in such season, the pleasantest place of resort. Here, when in the youth of the season all things should appear young, a comely boy, after a period of silent prayer, stepped forth, recited a sermon which he had learned by heart; prayers followed, and a choir of singers specially engaged for the purpose brought the proceedings sweetly and solemnly to their close; a feature all the more remarkable, in that music was then neither widely spread nor highly cultivated; and this was perhaps the first time that a religious melody was chanted in the open air.

Was not Mr. Moore right in crying his 'Eureka' when he read these long, measured sentences with their clauses following each other in a gentle wave-like rhythm, and noted also the studied suggestion of the atmosphere of the scene — the spring landscape, the blooming boy, the formal and beautiful ceremonial, like the ritual for the invocation of fruitfulness in stall and field so memorably described in the first chapter of *Marius*? The paragraph I have translated contains in germ all that is most characteristic of Pater, and Mr. Moore's 'isolation' of that germ must, I think, be accounted one of the triumphs of literary biology.

Mr. Moore has a great deal to say about Hawthorne, and shows so keen an appreciation of the beauty of Hawthorne's prose as an instrument of literature that I fancy it must have gone to his heart to deny him a place among the masters, but the truth is, as he points out, that English prose narrative has less *breeding* than that of

France or Russia; it does not run game to the end.' In the opening of a story an English writer is himself; in the close he is flagrantly collaborating with the public — the public of the circulating libraries, which actually banned *Esther Waters*! And the word which Mr. Moore has found to indicate the quality in which this fiction is lacking is exactly that which Aristotle uses in his famous saying that imaginative literature was a higher thing than history because it was 'more serious.' One must meditate a little on this judgment of Mr. Moore's to understand what it means, and how just it is; how, for instance, *A Sentimental Journey* is serious, because instinct with beauty and life, while George Eliot, in whom the intellectual and moral interests are paramount, is, on the whole, trivial. 'Works in which reason plays too large a part do not satisfy us. Our instincts are deeper than our reason, and it is pleasant to remember that art rises out of our primal nature and that the art that never seems trivial is instinctive.' Mr. Moore is here echoing, though unconsciously and in a different idiom, the philosophy of art and genius expounded at length in a very striking book, *The Gay Science*, by E. S. Dallas, a book published in the 'sixties, and now, I fear, undeservedly forgotten. But Mr. Moore knows, too, that instinct is not everything; his French training could not have left him under that illusion; and the interplay of qualities that go to make a masterpiece could not be better stated than in the following metaphor:

The artist's instinct is the sail that carries the boat along, and his reason is the rudder that keeps the boat's head to the wind; without a rudder the sail loses the wind. The simile seems to hold good. An instinct will carry the artist some distance, but if he have not reason he will drift like the rudderless boat, making no progress at all.

The banning of a book so 'serious' in the highest sense, so full of goodness and insight as *Esther Waters*, leads to a consideration of the mischievous part played by the circulating libraries in setting the key in which modern prose fiction has to be written. They never ban the right thing. The real vice is suggestiveness, but suggestiveness is never interfered with in the library or on the stage — it is plain simplicity of statement, which does no one any harm, and which marks all the great literature of the world, that comes under this ignorant and irresponsible censorship. The question has in our day become one of serious importance, for the provision of literature, like that of coal, or transit, or other vital needs of civilized man, has become highly specialized and concentrated, and a comparatively few people, with their hands on the channels of supply, can exercise in regard to these needs a dictatorial power quite out of proportion to their qualifications or their reasonable claims. Governments are beginning to recognize the situation in its industrial aspect, and the patient mass known as 'the community,' in England, France, and America is beginning to gather force and purpose against the threats leveled at its existence by the new despotism.

The agencies concerned with the supply of literature, surely as vital a need of healthy nationhood as coal or iron, have no more right to make arbitrary discriminations than have coal-miners or railway men, and the state must learn that its duty is to the community as a whole, not to the tyrannical cliques who have too often succeeded in setting legal machinery in action for ends which would logically involve the destruction of every great work of literature from the Bible downwards.

In the proceedings of one of these cliques in England, and the personal

history of its chief executive officer, Mr. Moore has a subject made to his hand, and he tells the story with a scornful humor which makes a most amusing section of the book. Turning to the prosecution of the publisher, Vizetelly, for issuing translations of Zola, Mr. Moore composes a complete speech for the defence which is as sane and convincing as it is witty. It is a defence of literature, not of pornography:

My first point is that the Acts under which this book is published were not intended by the author of the Acts to apply to literature but to pornographic publications that are quite distinct from literature. It is not true, as the Prosecution implied, that pornography and literature overlap, and that the frontiers are indistinct. On the contrary, the frontiers are extremely well defined, so much so that, even if all literature were searched through and through, it would be difficult to find a book that a man of letters could not instantly place in one category or the other. The reason for this is that real literature is concerned with description of life and thoughts of life rather than with acts. The very opposite is true in the case of pornographic books. It is true, however, that in real literature a good deal of licence is asked for by the author. He must write about the whole of life and not about part of life, and he must write truth and not lies.

I think everybody will agree to concede this point to me, but with it goes the corollary that a book is not to be condemned because it contains a coarse passage. If this be denied, all literature would have to be prosecuted. . . . I shall have to maintain, in the interests of the case I am defending, that a book cannot be judged by certain passages, and availing myself of the ruling of a great number of learned expositors, who have always held that if portions be read from a letter the opposing Counsel is entitled to have the whole letter read to the Court, I shall read from this book in its entirety, and afterward I shall meet the charge that these isolated passages upon which this prosecution is based are unpermissibly broad by reading you extracts from books which are, by common consent, among the classics of our language.

And here is another point which, perhaps, has not been considered by the members of the Vigilance Society, that the literature of all the world is to be found in the libraries founded by the state or by Mr. Carnegie. The Bible can be obtained in these libraries; all of the Latin and Greek

writers are on their shelves in their original texts and can be had for the asking . . . what dangerous places are our libraries — what horrible snares Mr. Carnegie has set for the feet of our children! Plato, Horace must go, although we compel our children to read them in our schools. All ancient authors contain passages coarser than those complained of in this book, and if my client's book be condemned, you are all accessories after the fact, for you pay taxes for the purchase of Homer, Aristophanes, Catullus, and in our own time Balzac, Flaubert, Gautier, Hugo, Zola — the works of all these have been purchased with your money.

And, as Mr. Moore points out at the close of the discussion, even if the Vigilance Societies had their will of literature they remain powerless against a more potent influence than all the ink and paper in the world — the spring days!

Mr. Moore, as his readers do not need to be told, takes a certain joy in driving a relentless plowshare through the hard crust that forms over popular convictions and standards when long left undisturbed. But the breaking up of crusts, however useful (though unpopular) a duty, is not the highest function of criticism. Swinburne has somewhere said that he did not know what should attract a man to the writing of literary criticism except 'the noble pleasure of praising.' Mr. Moore feels this noble pleasure, and communicates it to his readers in passages of delicate and revealing beauty. As one of many examples let me quote this from the close of a chapter on Tourguéneff:

Balzac and Wagner have exalted me; I have joined in the processional crowds, and have carried a blowing banner. My life would have been poor without them, but neither has been as much to me as Tourguéneff and Corot. They have been and still are the holy places where I rested and rest; together they have revealed to me all that I needed to know. For all things are contained in them. He who has seen Corot has seen all the Universe, for could we find in the farthest star anything more beautiful than evanescent cloud and a nymph gathering summer

blooms by the edge of a lake? A cloud floats and goes out, and the blossoming wood is reflected in the lake; and lo! he has told us the tale of a spring morning. All the outward externalities of Nature which Rousseau sought vainly to render Corot knew how to put aside. He knew that they were but passing things, just as Tourguéneff knew that all the trivial disputes of the day are not worthy to make art, and these twin souls the most beautiful ever born of woman, lived in the depths where all is still and quiet; where the larch bends, and the lake mirrors a pellucid sky; where a man longs for a woman that has been taken from him; where a woman holds her desire to her breast for a moment, loses it, and is heard of in Bulgaria as a nurse, or is heard of as a Sister of Charity, but about whom nothing certain is known.

The French lecture on Balzac and Shakespeare is one of the most interesting things in the book, and also one of the most provocative of controversy. Mr. Moore finds many points of resemblance between these two 'grands évocateurs d'âmes,' but thinks there was one kind of soul they did not evoke — the woman-soul. Balzac, indeed, has given us in Eugénie Grandet one perfect full-length study of a woman as Mr. Moore conceives her — neither an odalisque nor an independent force, but man's satellite; beautiful, tender, suffering; heroic in fidelity to her instincts and to her mate, ridiculous, futile, doomed to disaster if she leaves her appointed orbit. In Shakespeare's time, Mr. Moore declares, woman had not really come into art at all, and she made her first appearance not in literature, but in painting — the paintings of Rembrandt:

On voit la femme pour la première fois dans les tableaux de Rembrandt. Celle qui se fait laver les pieds au Louvre, je ne me rappelle plus le nom du tableau, en est un exemple. Cette femme est triste comme une femme peut être triste. Le portrait de la femme de Rembrandt dans la Salle Carrée est un exemple encore plus frappant. Mon Dieu! comme on lit son âme dans ses yeux! Elle se rend compte de sa faiblesse et de sa dépendance; et d'une façon presque inconsciente, elle songe qu'elle n'est que le satellite d'un homme de génie. Si Rembrandt revenait au

monde (on ne fait heureusement pas revenir les morts pour si peu de chose, je conçois); mais si, pour des raisons sérieuses, il revenait, et qu'on lui montrât les lignes que je viens d'écrire, je crois savoir ce qu'il dirait: Eh bien! il est possible que le monsieur ait raison, mais je n'y ai pas pensé. Si Rembrandt y avait pensé, il n'aurait pas entrevu l'âme féminine avec une telle clairvoyance.

As for Shakespeare:

Le poète n'a fait autre chose que peindre une série de portraits d'homme en pied, les plus parfaits qui aient jamais été réalisés, et esquisser seulement quelques silhouettes de femmes, de ci, de là, en bas, dans les coins, ces silhouettes vraiment délicieuses qui se nomment Ophélie, Desdémone, Cordélie.

One of them, Mr. Moore recollects, is called Juliet, but he is not daunted by the apparition of Juliet — Shakespeare, he argues, has not realized her as a woman; he has marked no difference between her love for Romeo and Romeo's love for her. Mr. Moore gives his reasons for this deficiency in Shakespeare, several in fact, but apart from the deeper reasons there is the secondary but conclusive one that Shakespeare could not have drawn a great woman's figure knowing that she was to be played by a boy. I must confess myself wholly unable either to accept the fact or to allow any force to the reason. To say that Shakespeare could not draw a woman to be played by a boy seems to me about as rational as to say that a novelist could not do it because his woman was not to be played at all. Shakespeare knew well that the boy would make havoc of his creation — he makes Cleopatra say so — but he was intent on the creation, not on the boy; if he had written to the level of the boy we should not have had even the 'delicious silhouettes.' Shakespeare, it seems to me, entirely shared Mr. Moore's 'satellite' conception of woman, and Cleopatra, Cressida, Portia, Volumnia, Lady Macbeth, are as little silhouettes as is consistent with their belonging essentially

(however aberrant) to the order of satellites.

But Shakespeare's women are matter for a long argument, and I must hasten to the end: an end I should have wished to linger over, so fitting and harmonious is the close of the book. It is conceived in a vein of mingled romance and melancholy with a delicate embroidery of wit. The whole book seems to settle itself to repose. Our four maidens have grown, one feels, a little tired of their long play; the ball has flown round for the last time; they sink to rest on the marble seat in a recess overarched with sprays of yellow rose, through which the light of the sunset has begun to glimmer. Night is coming on — the night of the arts. The Muses have strayed, like Stephenson's cow, on to the railway line, and the wheels have gone over them. But suns that have set return — the reign of coal and machinery will not last forever, nor the civilization that is built upon them, and as for electricity and atomic energy, the outlook may not prove as bad as it looks:

Why so pessimistic, Balderston? Now it is I who am the optimist, finding happiness in the thought that in about one hundred years the population of England will begin to dwindle, and in about two hundred years there will be fields and gardens where to-day there are cinder heaps. America will remain longer in ugliness, for your coal deposits are larger and there is more petrol. But coal and petrol are not endless even in America; and as soon as both are among the gone, the world will start on a new race again: the pack-horse will be seen on the down; the archer will be met in the forest bending his bow to catch the swift deer with a swifter arrow as he crosses the glade; women will come back to the cottage doors to spin the thread for the weaving of the sheets they lie in, pottery will be made on the wheel; and men will paint it, having recovered the use of their hands; and a new idea of beauty will be given to mankind.

Such is Mr. Moore's last avowal — in the bottom of the box there is a distant hope.

[*The Athenæum*]

JANUARY

BY F. W. STOKOE

In sorrow, joy; in winter, spring.
Seek not impatiently, nor strive
To hasten their awakening;
But let them be, and they will thrive.

There is a breeze astir among
The hedges stark by field and way;
Whispering grief, it flies along
The grasses cold of pastures gray.

Save for the birds there is no cheer;
The unchangeable hours wheel slowly
by

As sun or moon or stars appear.
The land lies naked to the sky.

Lo, Night encamped among the trees,
A host at noonday dark and grim;
Soon shall the flying distances
Beleaguered be and lost in him.

With stillness winter holds the earth,
With silence motionless and deep,
And bodes no wakening to mirth
From melancholy spells of sleep.

[*The Poetry Review*]

THE EARTH SLEEPER

BY B. W. RICHARDS

Oft in the silent watches of the night
Across the bending grass,
Bringing to me slow visions of delight,
I hear the night winds pass.

I waken to expectant joy, and slow
Mine eyes are loosed from sleep —
I hear the feet of star-born children go
Swiftly, or hushed they creep.

I feel their murmur rippling into mirth
Upon my cheeks, as they
Do touch my face with fingers cool as
earth,
Dew-soft as wakening day.

They bridge the indifference of the
void and make
The stars a friendly throng,
The music of their joyous feet doth
wake
Even the heavens to song.

I hear them breathe, the while mine
eyelids close,
And sound and stillness cease —
(O soft as petals, falling from the rose)
'From God we bring thee peace.'

Thus in the silent watches of the night
Across the bending grass,
Bringing to me slow visions of delight,
I hear the night winds pass.

[*The Poetry Review*]

LITANY OF THE CAGED SONG-
BIRDS

BY DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE

ONCE I swung in Heaven blue,
Once was cradled by the trees,
Once I knew the bending branch,
Touched the pinions of the breeze.
Little saint of singing things,
Francis! hear my flutterings,
Hear the breaking heart of me.
Mortals think I sing of joy
Canticles of dewy light,
Roulades of the briared dell,
Of the runnel's fresh delight.
Little saint of singing things,
Francis! hear my flutterings,
Hear the breaking heart of me.

Here I sing encaged in wire,
But my spirit's on the thorn
Of the dancing moon-white may
Near the nest where I was born.
Little saint of singing things,
Francis! hear my flutterings,
Hear the breaking heart of me
For the loving sake of Him
Who was crownèd with a thorn,
Who once died upon a tree.

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